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TO A FRIEND ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

My heart's deep prayer, oh dear and distant friend,
To God is for you alone. May this day,
As often as it comes to thee on earth,
Come as an angel. May it bring to thee
A thousand perfumes on its wings, and chant
In the rich music of a thousand tongues
The day smiling spirit. Though it come
Where thou art not, may it come to me
When melancholy winds through leafless woods
Are mourning o'er the graves of perished flowers,
Oh, may it rise and whisper thy love!
Those glorious flowers that perish not, but bloom
Brighter amid the chilling tempest. Then,
Sweet spirit, hast inherited from Heaven
The fearful power of genius. Oft in prayer
A fatal gift, but may it be to thee
The feast of deathless joys of entrance
Deep, holy, and immortal.

Bright one, thou
Canst hear life's darkest fortunes. If the spring
Of common pleasures perish, and the earth
Be one wide desert where no diamond-rays
Measure beneath its palm-tree, thou canst turn
To Heaven's own fount within thy breast, and shake
Thy spirit's burning thirst. There thou canst find
A Paradise nourished by immortal hands,
Unvisited by Autumn's chilling frosts,
Unswept by Winter's desolating storms,
Where bronze, birds, and gushing fountains weave
The hymn of Heaven, where dead roses live
As bright as if they were the things
That sprang to life in the first Eden skies—
A Paradise where gentle angels come
To hold communion with thee, and where God
Walks as of old He walked in Eden's bowers.

THE WHITE TERROR.

BY ELIZA A. DUPUY.

AUTHOR OF "THE LOST CHILD," "THE MYSTERIOUS MARRIAGE," ETC.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1861, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]

CHAPTER I.

It was a sombre-looking mansion, that great pile of gray stone with shadowed alcoves and its crumbling walls, caused by the dampness of the climate, and the heavy shade of forest trees of long growth, matted together by trailing wreaths of flourishing vines which, responsive to every breeze, and gave a most funereal aspect to the neglected woodland that surrounded it.

The house was built on the plan of a chateau which had been the ancestral home of the Montreuil family. A casket of that house emigrated to Louisiana with Bienville, enjoyed opportunities of amassing wealth through the favor of the Governor and laid the foundation of a large fortune.

At a vast expense, he erected with very inferior materials, this building, on the exact plan of his early home, and thus in a newly settled country was found a chateau which, from the effects of the climate, looked as if it might have been built ere yet Columbus had made his great discovery. The house was three stories in height, and the highest one was lighted by dormer windows, with a heavy parapet in front of them extending the whole length of the roof. It was full of odd corners, angles and winding corridors leading into nooks that would never have been suspected by a stranger.

A pair of octagon towers of lofty date than the main building were in front, connected by a gallery open above, but enclosed below, to which access was gained by a heavy door, bearing a brass knocker.

What had once been a wide and well kept lawn, was now covered with supressed vines, shrubbery and weeds, so matted together as to form a complete jungle. The place appeared to be abandoned to silence and neglect, and at the first glance it seemed impossible that so desolate a spot was inhabited; but a closer scrutiny betrayed a few signs of occupation.

The narrow windows in the upper story of the eastern tower were open, and a faded curtain fluttered in the evening breeze.

From the deep shadows of the lawn, an observer would soon have detected a narrow path winding leading to the rear of the house—pursuing this over the neglected and uneven pavement through which it wound, the view widens and discloses a vegetable garden in good order, on which a calm opens. A small grass plot was in front of it, and a few stunted, crimson trumpet shaped flowers, was trained over the humble portal. A shelf beneath it sustained a wooden bucket, and milk pans set out "to run," as the old negress expressed it, in whose cleanliness they were kept.

She fell near the door spinning, and a picturesque figure was old Judy, with her sleeve bare surmounted by a printed ruffle of wool, her head covered by a scarlet bandanna handkerchief, and ornamented with heavy hoops of gold, pendant from her ears. A calico dress of many colors, that rivalled in brilliancy those of Joseph's celebrated coat, extended only to her ankles, where it met a stout brogan designed more for use than ornament.

An old-fashioned wheel was kept busily humming while the negress converted a pile of carded cotton into yarn for her future knitting. The face of the old woman was furrowed, careful and good humored, and she evidently found much interest in her occupation.

Suddenly she lifted her head, and looked toward the declining sun, and where a portion of a strong Virginia accent broke from her lips:

"I clar' to Moses if 'taint mos' nite, an' did ole dance o' mine aint got back yit. I wonder what sets young Jack's gone an' got lazy now. De las' time he went to de offis' for letters he drunk so much 'fraid whisky did, I was impelled to blow him up, de ole fool! If he comes back agin in such a pickle, ole Lor'! I don't know what I should be tempted to do to him. If de master only knew what I knows, what would comin' de banes in dat black nigger's body, I wonder."

She half laughed as the words escaped her, for she recalled Pierre's drunken vagaries with evident tint-real enjoyment. After a few more moments of watching, Judy pat aside her wheel, and with the ease of a practiced hand commenced her preparations for an epicurean supper. That she was an accomplished cook soon evinced, for the coffee of most delicate aroma, cakes white and delicious, and a broiled chicken were provided with the skill of a true artist.

These were set out on fine porcelain, and then placed on a silver waiter covered with a napkin of spotless purity. When all was ready, she again took a survey from the door, and returned to raise the tray to her head, as she discontentedly muttered:

"De master's supper's all ready, an' my ole man aint fetch de letters yit, dat he sas so cautious to git. I'm mos' 'fraid to take it up without 'em; an' I'm more 'fraid not to go to once, cau he'll storm the old tower down of I don't; my mercy sakes! Oh Lor'! de ole fool what else make dat Pierre sich a born natural well?"

With a sigh she poised the waiter lightly upon the folds of her crimson turban: then with quick steps she threaded her way through the garden, opened a side door leading into the house, and entered a wide echoing corridor which made several abrupt angles before it ended at the base of a staircase leading to the second story of the eastern tower.

Doors from long disused apartments opened from this passage, and in the gathering twilight it seemed, to the imagination of the superstitious negress, filled with dusky shadows, and her eyes dilated visibly as they rolled from side to side but it speedily passed the dim rooms unheeded, and some grim phantom thrust forth its hideous mocking face, and leer at her as she passed upon her way.

To the superstitious fancy of the uninitered black, it was sufficient that human beings dared to ominate those apartments to people them with shadowy existences from another world. Judy could have told many a thrilling tale of her husband's evenings of dread, and echoing steps, made by viewless beings who flitted beside her in her evening jaunts through the old mansion.

The dread in which she held her living master might be measured from the fact that she forced herself to encounter those impalpable beings sooner than fail to take his evening meal at the usual hour.

The corridor was crossed by a wider one at the front of the house, from which ascended a spiral staircase leading to an upper gallery, on which the front towers opened. The hall, and this stairway was of carved mahogany, and the steps as well as the floor of the lower hall, were of inlaid wood. The carving was struggled through the close wood of which it consisted, and lifted this portion sufficiently to show that the recessed walls were millioned and fluting to decay from neglect and damp.

Pierre—it had evidently been a great mansion in its palmy days, but the pride which once sustained its grandeur was laid low in the dust—the hopes that clustered around the hearth of the old homestead were buried in the abyss dug by passion and crime. A blighting curse seemed to hang around the old walls, and the curse of evil passions had unbridled their fiercest fury upon the solitary old man who lived in that lonely house.

Judy gained the upper floor, and after a momentary pause in front of her master's door, knocked gently upon it. No answer came, and she commenced a soliloquy:

"Bress de Lor' I do coffee'll git cole, an' Master's temper'll git hot, an' ole Judy 'splosion. What an' he dole', I does wonder."

Again she repeated the knock louder, and a gruff voice called out:

"Can't you come in without all that knocking? Get in with you, you old Jackdaw, and don't stand out there till my supper is not fit for a pig to eat."

Thus bidden, the old woman entered a lofty room, of large size and unique adornments. A long table occupied the centre of the floor, on which books and artist's materials were promiscuously scattered; beside this stood an easel, on which was the commencement of a splendid

THE "WHITE TERROR."

octagon, and in one of its eight compartments was a fire-place; on each side of this was a well filled bookcase, in the other being a large oval mirror, which, as entering, was found to be slightly concave. Thus came two windows, occupying the whole width of their respective angles; a third window in front left two spaces upon the wall for the exercise of the artistic talent of their owner, of which he had not neglected to take advantage.

In the first, three figures were represented near a ruined column, the capital of which had fallen off, and lay amid a pile of stones at their feet. The central figure evidently represented Mortality, for death had spread its pallor over her features, and she held in her hand an inverted torch, the ominous emblem of extinguished life. The man and woman, who sat with their backs toward her, hanging their faces were turned in such a manner as to enable them to examine her attentively, evidently were intended to represent human kind, turning away from the evidence of their own mortality, yet unable to behold their latter end.

The second compartment showed an escaped spirit, as having first passed through an open portal into a dusky region, in which he seems to be feeling his way with lingering and uncertain steps. A beautiful woman, fondling a serpent, wails to receive him into immortal life, for the serpent has from great antiquity been considered as an emblem of renovated youth, from the annual casting off of his skin.

These pictures were not original conceptions of the painter, but simply copies from casts taken from the antique.

A couch, placed near the front window, and a book, it was sufficient that many hours of the latter set the owner of the chamber. The walls were hung with pictures of great value, and their brown—the hair whitened to silver, and his face furrowed with many lines of thought and suffering time. His black eyes, deep set, vivid as a flame, flashed beneath overhanging heavy brows; and his straight nose, thin lips, and firmly curved chin, all spoke of independence of will and unbending purpose; though at moments there was a singular dilation of the pupil of the eyes, which gave an expression of wildness amounting to insanity to his whole countenance.

It was the face of a man who had sinned, suffered, but was never repented; and on the long, slender hand was stretched out to replace the book upon a nearby stand, it was not difficult to imagine the nervous clutch with which it would close upon a dagger and drive it home to the heart of one who had injured him.

He seemed to have worked himself into a passion at the trifling delay in the appearance of his evening meal, and he glared on the old woman, as she entered and placed the waiter before him, as he growled:

"I should say you managed to get in at last, madam. Pray, why did you not enter at once, as I bade you?"

"Because I didn't hear you," replied Judy, in an irritated tone; for she too had a spice of temper, and she had made the notable discovery that no one could vex her so much as her master, she had to deal with, was to return upon her master occasionally in his own tone.

He glanced at her with an ominous frown, and then suddenly examined the viands which were prepared with so much care. He asked in a voice of extreme irritation:

"How now? Where are the letters and papers for which Pierre was sent?"

"He hasn't come back from de offis yit, Massa—leas you mean'n he's up on, an' took so of you meant to eat me instid o' your supper; 'cause I didn't come for Pierre's 'dishcretion, for I didn't like the drop he will take when he's out o' my sight makes him sin and crazy too for that matter."

The deep-set eyes flashed angrily upon her, but the absurd pun upon the long word she was fond of using, caused the listener to burst into a wild laugh, which sounded so harsh and mirthless that it was far from reassuring the old woman. She folded her hands before her, and assumed an expression of stubborn endurance, which was perfectly familiar to her master.

"Ah, ha!" he said—"so you've come to me at last in your own noble strength, old woman; but fire smells iron, Jackdaw, and I am a son of flame. Virtue was my father, and Art my mother!"

So you had better beware how you arouse the evil tempter within me!"

"Deed, sir, I had no such intent; an' d'ain't was yer mother, I think her name other touch you that titties aint good to eat when dey gits cole. You'd better eat my nice cakes an' drink your coffee, sir, while dey is fit to put into a Christian's stomach."

"Ha! ha! your advice is good, Jackdaw, and I believe I'll take it; but I will wager nothing you like—a new turban for yourself or a drop bottle for Pierre—that you consider my stomach to be anything but a Christian, by spite of your form of speech."

Judy inwardly chuckled at being so thoroughly understood, but she demurely replied:

"Deed, sir, I should be sorry to think sich a thing o' you. I allers tries to bide by the Scripture rule, 'Judge not lest ye be judged,' and I tries myself to practise dat charity what covers a multitude o' sins."

"Hem—and in that plantation eight you exercise my short comings. Very well. Now go and see if that wretched old rum-bottle, Pierre, has returned with my letters. It will not be well for you to come back without them, I can tell you."

Thus dismissed, the negress left the room, and then refilled slowly ate his supper, as if he had settled in the only sensual indulgence now left to him. He was not a gourmand, but a true bon vivant, who can only the most delicate and appetizing viands, with a gusto which enabled him to do entire justice to the merits of the cook who prepared them. Judy knew this perfectly well, and it gave her a sense of security in her humble position, in spite of the unbridled temper with which she had to contend.

Mr. Lecour finished his repast, leaned back in his chair, and murmured in the satisfaction of its merits. To one of his restless temperament, a few moments sufficed for this, and he began to feel impatient for the appearance of the letters and newspapers which were of unusual value to him.

He arose and walked up and down the large room with his hands clasped behind his back; at first his steps were slow and regular, but they gradually quickened as his impatience gained the mastery, and the anguish with which they were struck upon the floor increased, until a perfect storm of sound filled the old tower. Twilight began to deepen, and words were soon added to the clatter of his boots upon the floor.

"Curse the wretches! will they never come with a light? Am I, Felix le Lecour, to be left to mess gathers around me? Is it not enough to be alone, always alone in the deep hours of night, with human horrors around me, but I must I be left to fight with the phantom in this hour of twilight? He there—lights, lights, I say, or I will wreak my vengeance upon you, you miserable, inefficient idiots!"

He glanced wildly around in the gathering twilight, and his face became livid as his eyes fell upon the mirror; within it was reflected the countenance which I have described, surrounded in a dingy veil that covered her whole person. She looked around the room, as nothing which could be the substance of that shadow, and with a smile that curled on a hoarse natter in his throat, he fell heavily upon the floor.

The tones of his fall quickened the uncertain footsteps that were now heard approaching, and the crashed voice of old Pierre called out querulously:

"Come on, Judy, for de love o' Heaben, for de sir master is in sire o' his hairiness. I curst see my way befo' me, it's so dark down here. Come faster wi' de light, or he'll strangle me when he comes to bleed!"

Thus admonished, the old woman came almost on a run, carrying a wax candle in each hand, for in the monolith condition of her husband, she was afraid to trust him with either. Passing pell mell, she quickly entered the apartment; Pierre followed her more slowly, and his great eyes rolled around the walls with an expression of affright, before they fell on the prostrate form of his master.

Mr. Lecour lay with eyes widely staring, and frith tossing from his lips. It was a piteous sight, that old white-haired man lying there, with his locked features of an ashen hue, and an expression of utter anguish and fear imprinted upon them.

"Ah! it is the *White Terror* again," whispered Judy, as she stooped to raise his head from the floor. "This round ole house is be to de death of us all yit. I wish de chimney would set it afire an' burn it down outright."

"Hu-s-sh, ole 'oman, hu-s-he. Ef de master was to hear dat wish, he'd murder you sure enough."

"Murder me, indeed!" she contemptuously retorted; "I reckon he's had too much to do wi' dem devilities as dat sidesitting, or he wouldn't be so easily scared now. Besides, he'll be glad he keep me alive as long as he lives, dat I keep 'pare his victles as he likes 'em. Yes—I shet 'fraid o' him, but of you poker your ugly philosophy where he will too it de fust thing when he comes, he'll be sure to pitch into you, thinkin' ole Sam have sent one o' his cohorsers to fetch him to de 'ternal regions."

Pierre had been leaning over his master, but at this uncomplimentary caution he suddenly drew back, looked him a minner which framed the door of the bookcase, and internally acknowledged that it would be an unmitted inclination on the part of his master; for a more ungainly specimen of the black race could scarcely have been produced than himself.

Dwarfed in size, with extraordinary long hoots, and the spo-like face which is so often the peculiar property of the blood African, that it is impossible to doubt his affinity to the monkey tribe, the old negro, by no effort of the imagination, could easily have been mistaken for an agent from the infernal, by a man half tormented by the solitary life he led, and the memory of crimes in which he had taken a part, which shed a fatal horror over his daily existence.

Eady sprinkled water over the pallid features of her master, chafed his temples, and was presently he mollened his eyes and looked around with an expression of vague terror. He shivered convulsively, and muttered:

"If it was a shadow evoked by my own fantasy. My eyes are diseased; I—I must consult an oculist. Lift me up, Jackdaw; help me into my large chair. There—I am well again."

He sank back upon the well-worn seat, and closed his eyes a few moments; then suddenly arousing himself, he sharply asked:

"Where is Pierre, and what has become of my letters?"

"If you means master, an' dis is de passel de young man at de offis gin me for you."

Pierre came forward rather unsteadily, holding a waiter on which he had placed several packages of letters, and conspicuously among them two packages bearing a foreign postmark. His master surveyed him temporarily and sternly, and grasping one of the papers, he hurled it contemptuously at his head as he exclaimed:

"Drunk again, you old baboon! Get out of my presence, and leave Jackdaw to wait upon you."

Though mortally afraid of the darkness and supernatural beings, and the terrible power which his superstitious imagination peopled the old mansion, the negro stood in every particular of his irritable master. He hurriedly escaped the waiter which was presented to him, and retreated, though he took good care not to go beyond the threshold of the door, which he closed very imperfectly.

In his transport of rage, the waiter, one of the letters slipped down and rested against the other articles on the table, and remained there. Le Lecour. His eyes fell upon it, he gasped, grew paler than before, and fell backward. He was about to fall into another spasm, but he recovered himself immediately, and clutched with an expression of ferocious endurance, and examined the writing on the envelope.

"This should have been written by the dead, and bound in no mortal's the same as his. Now I am a fool! It is but the same writing taught to me when I was a child, and which I practised. Ha! from my beloved grand-daughter!"

The ecstatic exclamation that the endearing epithet revealed a whole history of estrangement, wrong and bitterness; he tore open the envelope, and commenced reading the letter from the lady superior of the convent, the other from its accomplished teacher. Giving each to the floor of the elder lady, he unclosed it and read the following:

"PARIS, December 1st, 1859.

M. LECOUR—In accordance with the request of the late lamented Madame Adelaide Durand's board for the last year, I desire to retain her only legal guardian as a pensioner, unless she will consent to assume the veil. In her position, it will probably be best for her to take the latter course, as it opens to her the world and all its vanities, but I regret to state that there is no means open with me to do this.

With the utmost impativeness of her years and temperament, she declares that death will be preferable to seclusion from a sinful world, while her imagination decks the latter with charms which I have endeavored to show her are illusive. Under these circumstances, I consider it to be the daughter of a high dignitary of state, and as two seasons of her life have been passed in retirement, she was against my own judgment, but the position of Madame Durand's family is such that I could not very well refuse a favor petitioned for by her. This young lady has a career open to her magnificent beyond all understanding, and I am afraid his flatteries have made a deeper impression upon your young relative than is desirable, for she seems very miserable since her return to her old duties.

I desire to have your views with regard to the future destiny of my interesting charge. Is it your wish that she shall take the veil? You have never positively stated your intentions concerning her, and as her mother also has been prohibited to exercise a degree of liberty which I am now half disposed to regret. Armed with your authority, the Bishop, aided by Father Bonbec, who is a most eloquent and acute pleader, will place before this refractory young girl such an array of arguments in

favor of entering the sisterhood over which I preside, that no alternative but submission will be left.

You must be aware that only as one of ourselves can we, without further expense to you, retain Mademoiselle Ardenne till her convalescent expenditure is over fulfilled. If she takes the vows, there will be no further demand upon your fortune when you flee to enjoy it yourself. At your death, the entire sum descend to her as your natural heir. If she refuses to become one of us, she must leave the house at dying peal, will offer no daily prayers for the repose of your soul. Your much you will need such intercession as we know more thoroughly than yourself.

There is another strong reason for wishing to retain Mademoiselle Durand as one of our community. She is a accountabilist, and with proper cultivation we possibly be made a most interesting and valuable helpmeet. Under our remonstrations, we are willing to credit her with renunciation until her inheritance falls to her.

Hoping to hear from you without any unnecessary delay, I am

Yours, &c.,
URSULA,
Lady Abbess of La Mère de Dieu.

Mr. Lecour glowered over the signature, and for a few moments seemed absorbed in thought. With a curling lip, he at length rebolded it, and opened the other letter. This was a shorter and a delicate but firm hand, and the clear, upward strokes indicated strength of will that would as little brook opposition as his own.

It was the first communication he had ever received from the writer, for as his own request Mademoiselle Durand had not given his permission to trouble him with letters. On his part, it was an act of magnanimous charity to have educated the child of his dishonored daughter in a respectable manner; and he did not choose to be annoyed either with thanks or complaints. Such was Mr. Lecour's view of a sacred duty. The letter ran thus:

At last, my dear grandfather, am I allowed the privilege of addressing you. I have yearned for this intelligence, but the Superior always answered my request that I was to wait to be reminded of my existence; that, as the child of a man you hated and a daughter you disowned, I was an odious to you. Ah! mon père, this seems very hard to me, for I was innocent of offense toward you. I have no other relative on earth, and my heart naturally turns toward you as its most important object. I have always cherished a most profound veneration and attention for you, and this feeling gives me the right to claim for it in the present crisis of my destiny.

Some efforts have been made by those around me to influence my mind to the choice of a convent life, and as the inducing would have slightly failed to attain its object.

I would never be thrown upon the world to gain my bread by the hardest toil, that sentence I. Were you my mother's father—were the child of her you must never have loved, then such a fate, for I never will, would still be far worse than death to me.

Permit me to come to your own home; let me become the stay and solace of your declining years, for I am ready to sacrifice my own to the task. I am willing to do the tasks in springtime, and I will fill your mother vacancy, if you will but let me try to do so.

See, how attentive my epistles shall be to you. I owe it myself, but it is a happy self-conceit which enables me to imagine a pleasure which must exist between us. I have on earth it to minister to your happiness in those years when the grandsire has become a burden, and the desire of the heart has failed.

Try me, dear sir; let me at least come to you, and if I should prove a burden, it will then be time enough to consign me to the tender mercies of the Lady Abbess. If you refuse my prayer, I do not know what to understand by it, but that you are one who will all the more be unhappy for that I have not chosen for you the life I desire to you that I will avoid myself of their assistance of all hands, except those between that absolute, hopeless being, a nun.

Dear grandfather, write to me for once with your own hand, and give me the comfort assurance that your heart and home are open to your own.

The recluse read this letter twice over, and then rolled his head upon his hand in deep meditation. He at length abruptly spoke:

"Well, well, Mr. Dacy, I must confess—and I say it, lady, ashamed in France with all the modern accomplishments, would have a charm for me, even in this old ghost-haunted house, with no one but you or me for company?"

Rady opened her eyes very wide, as she energetically replied:

"If she have a rood over her head, sir, I'd rise her to stay what she is. Oh, Lor'! what would come of a young gal brung here in dis old rattle-trap, to fret herself into her grave, she couldn't mend, not of she broke her heart a-tryin'."

The listener shrugged his shoulders. He satirically said:

"But if it is her own choice, what then? If no other home is open to her, what can she do but make the best of this? Besides, she visits me to come to me; prays to be allowed to take care of me in my old age. I begin to feel that I need some one in the place of your poor dumb child, who can look after—"

He paused—made a significant sign which Rady seemed to comprehend, for she quickly said:

"Ah! would you trust her wi' dat? even if she do come. I do think it is de bery worst notion dat could gib fader a young gal's heart to come to sich a den as dis ere. Who is dis young creature, Jas' how is it dat she have no friends to help her to sweetnits' better?"

"This young girl is my child, and my house, or is a convent for life, are the alternatives to choose from."

"Den may God help her," responded the old woman, succinctly; "an' of I could get to speak to her, I'd 'vise her to stay wi' de nuns, sooner dan come to sich a life as she'd lead here."

"You're a fool, Jackdaw, and always have been one. You have sunshine, food, fire, and clothes, with only work enough to keep you busy, and yet you dare to grumble, and speak of my house as if it is an fit place for my grandchild daughter to dwell in."

Rady opened her great round eyes wider than ever, as she repeated:

"Grand-daiter, sir? I never knowed afore dat sich a child was on de yarth. Long as I've lived in de dismal sperrit-haunted house, I've never hearn de first blessed word 'bout dis young lady till now."

"It would be strange if you had, when it is a subject on which I do not choose to converse. But I have a grand-child who was born before you ever saw Louisiana—I have placed strange servants about me, that I might not be pestered with inquiries about a girl whose existence is no pleasure to me."

"An' of de young lady is of your blood, why should she be sent away from her natural guardians?"

"That is my affair, Jackdaw, and I do not see fit to explain it to you. I only think it is necessary to inform you that your rule in this house may be interfered with before long by a young lady, who comes at her own desire, from the convent in which she has been educated, to take charge of Castle Durand and its aged inhabitants. I fancy she'll not stay long here, but as she wishes to enter upon maturity, I think it may be as well to gratify her, and serve my own purposes in the interim."

Rady listened in extreme surprise. If the advent of a magic bird from heaven seemed to her she would scarcely have been more astonished than she was at this unexpected revelation. She vaguely knew that Mr. Lecour had been married in early life; that his wife had died within a year of their union; but that a child had been the offspring of that marriage, she was profoundly ignorant till that moment. She looked so much bewildered that her master went on to explain that his daughter had left married to please him, that she died early, leaving an infant daughter orphaned and dependent. He had placed her in a convent in France, where she had received an accomplished education.

Mr. Lecour then went on:

"I hardly know why I have told you this news so early, Jackdaw, for it must be some time before Mademoiselle Durand can come hither; but perhaps it is as well that you know it now, as you will have time to reconcile yourself to the thought of a visitor. I do not think she will trouble you long, however, for I do not care to have her residence here made agreeable enough to induce her to prolong it. I only consent to her coming at all, because I do not choose to oblige myself to any future rudeness to the convent that shuttles her; if she wishes to return to it, she may."

"An' you is really sir' spontaneously sayin' dat you will have a young gal brung here in dis old rattle-trap, to fret herself into her grave?" repeated the old woman, not of the broke her heart in tryin'."

The listener shrugged his shoulders. He sarcastically said:

"But if it is her own choice, what then? If no other home is open to her, what can she do but make the best of this? Besides, she visits me to come to me; prays to be allowed to take care of me in my old age. I begin to feel that I need some one in the place of your poor dumb child, who can look after—"

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"Den may God help her," responded the old woman, succinctly; "an' of I could get to speak to her, I'd 'vise her to stay wi' de nuns, sooner dan come to sich a life as she'd lead here."

"You're a fool, Jackdaw, and always have been one. You have sunshine, food, fire, and clothes, with only work enough to keep you busy, and yet you dare to grumble, and speak of my house as if it is an fit place for my grandchild daughter to dwell in."

Rady opened her great round eyes wider than ever, as she repeated:

"Grand-daiter, sir? I never knowed afore dat sich a child was on de yarth. Long as I've lived in de dismal sperrit-haunted house, I've never hearn de first blessed word 'bout dis young lady till now."

"It would be strange if you had, when it is a subject on which I do not choose to converse. But I have a grand-child who was born before you ever saw Louisiana—I have placed strange servants about me, that I might not be pestered with inquiries about a girl whose existence is no pleasure to me."

"An' of de young lady is of your blood, why should she be sent away from her natural guardians?"

"That is my affair, Jackdaw, and I do not see fit to explain it to you. I only think it is necessary to inform you that your rule in this house may be interfered with before long by a young lady, who comes at her own desire, from the convent in which she has been educated, to take charge of Castle Durand and its aged inhabitants. I fancy she'll not stay long here, but as she wishes to enter upon maturity, I think it may be as well to gratify her, and serve my own purposes in the interim."

Rady listened in extreme surprise. If the advent of a magic bird from heaven seemed to her she would scarcely have been more astonished than she was at this unexpected revelation. She vaguely knew that Mr. Lecour had been married in early life; that his wife had died within a year of their union; but that a child had been the offspring of that marriage, she was profoundly ignorant till that moment. She looked so much bewildered that her master went on to explain that his daughter had left married to please him, that she died early, leaving an infant daughter orphaned and dependent. He had placed her in a convent in France, where she had received an accomplished education.

"I hardly know why I have told you this news so early, Jackdaw, for it must be some time before Mademoiselle Durand can come hither; but perhaps it is as well that you know it now, as you will have time to reconcile yourself to the thought of a visitor. I do not think she will trouble you long, however, for I do not care to have her residence here made agreeable enough to induce her to prolong it. I only consent to her coming at all, because I do not choose to oblige myself to any future rudeness to the convent that shuttles her; if she wishes to return to it, she may."

"An' you is really sir' spontaneously sayin' dat you will have a young gal brung here in dis old rattle-trap, to fret herself into her grave?" repeated the old woman, not of the broke her heart in tryin'."

The listener shrugged his shoulders. He sarcastically said:

"But if it is her own choice, what then? If no other home is open to her, what can she do but make the best of this? Besides, she visits me to come to me; prays to be allowed to take care of me in my old age. I begin to feel that I need some one in the place of your poor dumb child, who can look after—"

He paused—made a significant sign which Rady seemed to comprehend, for she quickly said:

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Mr. Lecour then went on:

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

3

MY DARLING.

O leave me here to wander alone
Under the bloom of the apple trees,
For here my darling used to come
And grow to fit beauty of days like these!

In this orchard, she used to say,
She had felt the clover grow under her feet,
And now it is plain to me, that is the way
She came to be all that is perfect and sweet.

With clover in head on, and blossoms perfumed,
No wonder her face caught their sunshine and shade,
And in murmuring bees and in wind-blest she said
She knew but the time for their music, she knew.

She gazed on the clouds, and grew dreamy thereby—
She listened to the winds till her spirit took wing,
And floated in ether far up the blue sky,
Catching glimpses of heaven which dazzled her sight.

So leave me here to wander alone,
For my darling in spirit may be in the place;
And I just may learn more than I ever have known,
From nature that taught her such infinite grace.

H. MEA.

HESTON AND HIS WIFE.

A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

BY MARY C. VANSTONE.

Slight, spare, darkly pale, with raven black hair, and deep, unfathomable eyes, with thoughtful, abstracted air, but active movements—he is, for a *beau* exemplar that pleased and attracted without commanding admiration—such was Daniel Heston at twenty. He was a mere boy—a boy of the Republic class, in a country village; but there was something about him—the germ, or bud, perhaps, of the future man—latently developed power which could still only be felt but was not seen. But caused all those who met him with outward marks of respect to serve, his age and station considered, almost preternaturally so.

To the supercilious observer he was merely a slight, handsome youth, who toiled all day at tasks rude and uncongenial to his fine sensibility, who struggled little in the social festivities of the youthful portion of the village community, and found nearly all his leisure time in absorbing study. But perhaps it was the very persistence of the boy, who could not always forego all the ordinary pleasures of his age, which, for a great purpose kept even in his heart, he steadily pursued the course he had marked out for himself, that won the involuntary respect of all who knew him, save only the frivolous few whose life-dome were as low as their thoughts.

Pretty, graceful, plump, blue-eyed and rosy—a gay, pleasant girl, was Ellen Lloyd, whose home was in the same village. Her home was where all who saw her, and her pleasing manners made her a favorite with all circles which she entered.

Daniel Heston never mingled in society, but he frequently met Ellen Lloyd upon the street, or saw her passing the shop where he worked. He saw that she was beautiful, and that her outward beauty was ever the expression of a corresponding inner grace. Long before he ever addressed her, he had learned to love her—to worship her, would, perhaps, express more fitly the intense silent emotion in which he shrined, within the depths of his being, the image and ideal of this beautiful girl.

All at once broke the consciousness in his soul that, being a man, with all a man's attributes and powers, even though capable, power of development, he must not of necessity confine himself to the distant and silent worship. He resolved to approach the object of his devotion, to become acquainted with her, to talk to her, and win himself in her smiles.

Once resolved, and with him to will was to do, the rest was comparatively easy. He had known Ellen Lloyd, years before, as a child at school—that is, they, for she was of the same age, had sat on opposite sides of the old-fashioned benches, and had even read in the same classes for a few months; but they had never spoken together, and the reserve of man had no reason to suppose that the girl remembered him. But he had sometimes overheard her father in the way of business, and he knew that through his upright and high character he stood in the home which held his heart's idol.

He made his approaches adverently enough to the father, for Daniel was not skilled in social diplomacy; but he accomplished his purpose, and that suffices for him. He had gained his end, and could become a habitué of the Lloyd household.

I am bound to say that Miss Ellen did not share or reciprocate the devotion of her admirer. She acknowledged that his conversation was interesting, but she found much to criticise in his manners.

The fact was, that though only a few months his senior in earthly existence, she was much older than he in development, in knowledge of the world, in manner and tact. And while she acknowledged his mental superiority, and felt for him, in a degree, the involuntary respect with which a refined girl, she still accorded him as a "mere boy," and made much sport for her self and her associates in private, with his unfortunate comb—the thousand and one solecisms in manner of which he was continually guilty.

Daniel Heston saw nothing of this. He was too fully absorbed, too single in purpose, to be able to look at things in a side fashion. He thought only of his love for Ellen Lloyd, and of the final determination he had formed of declaring her. He continued to visit her on every approachable day, and was not compelled, without to the least understanding the reason, to admit that he made little or no progress in his suit.

A year or more after the commencement of his acquaintance with Ellen Lloyd, an opening for business in a distant part of the State was presented to him. His friends deemed it best that he should accept it, and he saw for himself that it would be wise for him to do so. It presented well in a pecuniary point of view, and it was time that he should begin to lay the foundations of that prosperity which he felt bound to secure for his future wife.

It was not until he had fully resolved to go, that he mustered the courage to tell her. She did not seem affected by the announcement. She showed no emotion whatever, and this, which would have utterly discouraged, and routed the purpose of an older lover, produced no effect upon Daniel Heston.

When he resolved to do a thing he always did it. He had that subtle something, that sort of second-sight which we call tact. He was no chooser of times and places. And so, though he might have seen, and probably did, that his going away was a matter of total indifference to Ellen Lace, that made no difference with his purpose.

He told her he was going, and why he was going, and what hopes he had entertained, which made him anxious at once to try his fortune. He told her that he loved her dearly, truly, and as he believed unalterably, and asked her to accept him as her future husband, or if she were not prepared to do that, to allow him to correspond with her by letter during his absence, and sometimes to come and visit her in her home.

Ellen was very much astonished at this. She knew that she "boy," as she always called him, had liked to visit at her house, and she had always supposed herself the attraction. But she had not, until now, given a serious thought to his attentions, and now—she did not wish to lose them, but she disposed them, or rather the source from which they emanated, to—

But she had heard that Daniel Heston wrote very well, and thought that his letters would be a source of amusement, she consented, without binding herself in any way, to carry on a correspondence until his next visit.

I doubt if there is a more little more of the world he would have been able better to appreciate his position. But the simplicity of his nature did not once occur to him. Nor did he care to question the motives of Ellen Lace, nor to inquire into the probabilities of winning her love. He implicitly intended to do it, and he went home quite satisfied with the buttistory steps that he had taken.

He went away taking his intense love with him. He worked hard, perseveringly by day, by night he studied, or wrote out his long letters to Ellen Lloyd, who showed them to her friends, and "made fun" of them in her own great amusement and their's. She answered his letters in pretty common-place, that Daniel accepted gratefully, having no standard whereby to measure their want of sincerity and of all that constitutes worth in human utterance.

Perfectly healthy, and with not a nerve in the world's ways, as in the study of the human heart, it was impossible that he should not struggle. How could he, or any one, expect to find it future success? Is not all success a conflict?

Year after year rolled on. Daniel wrote weekly, or oftener, and so frequently as his business, which was a large and absorbing one, absorbing and important, would permit, he paid a visit to his fair friend. More than one he spoke of in his diary, but, though never quite refused, the occasion had been evaded, and its answer postponed from time to time till even Daniel himself was almost exhausted.

He had seen more of the world, now, though not in its harsher aspects, for he had from the first so high an ideal of life, that he was too keen to mingle in society, or to cultivate the acquaintance of those who, in his eyes, were flirts, self-centred nature. Loving Ellen Lace, he believed that he believed that no woman else could have decreed himself false to his allegiance, and he was right. His self-control and his self-colloquy towards no, and was startled at the discovered ideas, when evaluated by the

I lost no time in reaching the spot where I had left the boat, and, having secured it, proceeded to take such hasty measures for defence as the time allowed.

Where I had made my bivouac, the stream was about two hundred yards wide, with steep banks. I instantly availed myself of this fortunate lay of the ground, and snatching up my rifle, crossed the river, wading, with the water which reached above my breast, and awaited the foe at bay.

It was not long before they were upon me. They came in sight of the settlement of the old Spanish colony, and my companion pointed out to me the direction of the river. Meanwhile, I hitched roofed ranche of old Don Pancho Diego, the Mexican with whom I had contracted for a passage down the river to Matamoras.

Soon we had passed the extensive ravines, in which large flocks of sheep were tended by herdsmen, and rode up to the low porch of the Mexican's dwelling. The inmates were gathered around, and it was evident the occupants were enjoying their evening repast.

"*Buenos dardes, Amigos*!" (good evening, friends) I said, as my companion and I with our voices aroused a pack of sheep shepherd dogs, who, rushing from the numerous out-buildings, quickly called the peons and their master to the spot.

"Down! down, dogs!" cried an old leather-faced Mexican, as he kicked the nearest animal from his path, and approached us, still rubbing his eyes in surprise.

"Ah! is it you, my good, good friend, Don Tomas?" and the old man greeting the head of my companion, who had not yet dismounted, with a hug that would have been considered demonstrative welcome, for when the Texan at last released himself from their embrace—long enough to dismount, they again renewed the attack, and throwing their arms around his neck, almost smothered him with their warm caresses.

After these transports were over, the Texan introduced me to the old Don, and informed him that I was the Harrison county gentleman who had been in correspondence with him in relation to purchasing a flock of sheep.

The old man bowed politely, and peons taking our animals, we were led into the house.

"Ah! Don Tomas!" exclaimed the old man, after we had been seated, "we are so happy to see you again.

"You see, both she and her husband speaking together, commenced a long story, how the Indians had robbed their lives a few months, when their rancho had been attacked by a party of Lipan marauders. According to their account, he, with a small party of Rangers, had been in pursuit of the band, and had overtaken the settlement after the savages had already set fire to many of the ranches, he attacked, and then ten times his own numbers, and slaying many of the Indians, had driven the rest to entire settlement, since which the Indians had not ventured to return.

During this recital, I observed my companion frequently turn to his chair, and examine the fastenings of his own pistols.

"The, sir, my good friends, you lay it on too thick!" said he, as they concluded their current tale. "Yes sir, you do. I only wish that the boys happened along here a few years ago, when we discovered a party of Mexican plunderers on the ranches, and what could we do but drive 'em off, that's all. To be sure twas a pretty fight, and we killed a few of the plunderers, but after all 'twa'n't nothing to brag on."

"And what was the cause of the fight?" said I to the Mexicans; and then I repeated the account of the previous day, adding that I had not yet even learned the name of my gallant preserver.

"You cannot have been long in Texas," said the Texan. "If you have not heard the name of Thomas Johnson, usually called Black Johnson. Then let me introduce you, gentlemen."

"Black Johnson." I repeated. "Oh, yes; I have indeed heard his name before." And then came forcibly to mind the anecdotes I had heard of this brave Texan, on that night when confined by a "norther" to the rocking bar-room of that "tavern."

BLACK JOHNSON.

A GENUINE CHARACTER.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

I was engaged, many years ago, in connection with the Texan Revolution, in raising a force in Harrison county, Texas, and was on my way to the frontier, to purchase a large flock of the Mexican settler, with whom I had been in correspondence.

I journeyed alone pleasantly enough till, on reaching a settlement on the upper Brazos, I was somewhat disturbed by the report of a band of party of Kickapoo Indians, who had left their fellows into the range, through which my trail lay, and who were reported to be hostile to the Anglo. How could he, or any one, expect to find future success? Is not all success a conflict?

Such was the appearance of this singular man, with his dark and terrible face and form, that I was savage he had last escaped, he was leisurely recharging his weapons.

"I reckon, stranger," commenced my new companion, as he returned the last pistol to his belt, "you'd better gather up yer traps, and jine me at my camp to-night; and in the morning we can ride in company—and it is my opinion I would be agreeable to you."

I assured him that nothing could give me greater satisfaction.

"Well, well I," perhaps our trails don't run in the same direction."

"Where would you be bound?"

"To the "Spanish Colony," "I answered.

"Ah, which fortunate! My trail runs through the same settlement. So we'll catch that running-way of yours, and get on to my camp. It's but a little way from here, is this same creek I reckon."

In another half hour we had arrived at his camp, and after a refreshing cup of "jerked" and morrow bones I spread my blanket, and was soon the forgetful of the exciting incident of the day. Whether my companion slept or not I could not tell, for when I awoke in the morning he was already about, having changed the feeding-place of our horses, and prepared a fragrant cup of buffalo flesh for an early breakfast. Partaking of the repast, we were soon on our way, and the horses, the bell of leader which alerted the river being distinctly visible from the sides of the prairie as we rode forward.

I found my fellow-traveller, though not very talkative, a very sensible and pleasant companion. He was familiar with every foot of the country, and could name every object that we had romped on every water-course, river and branch, between the Red River of Louisiana and Mexico. But in all his conversation there was nothing to indicate his history. His modesty was remarkable, and beyond what he had told me, that he was going to the settlement on my camp, he made no reference to his ever because he was going to be.

The sun had scarcely passed the meridian, when we came in sight of the settlement of the old Spanish colony, and my companion pointed out to me the house of the Mexican settler.

Soon we had passed the extensive corrals, in which large flocks of sheep were tended by herdsmen, and rode up to the low porch of the Mexican's dwelling. The inmates were gathered around, and it was evident the occupants were enjoying their evening repast.

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It has been freely observed that "Men scarcely differ!" women characterize!

WIT AND WISDOM.

GRATUITAL AND SELECTED—PUT AND REFERRED TO THE LEDGER BY CAP. D. PARTITUR.

NEVER forget what a man has said to you he once. If he has changed you with anything, you had better look him. Anger is a law that will about something where feeling will not.

WRITING is a good recipe for melancholy. Letter from the devil away by throwing his tattered at him, and an historian may put the little devils to flight.

A MAN IN a state of hot-brained nervousness is burning up. In like a candle in a hot candlestick, burning all at one end and melting down at the other.

THE FIRMNESS of a man's step on the grave of a wife they loved; and so should always find them too, but that our eyes are too full of tears for seeing.

THE training up life is like train-lining in marksmanship—you must aim high for the edge of a rifle through the bind-sight.

TEARS, they tell us, is dirt; but without she there is no life for any—without tears there is none for the soul.

TRUTHS can generally learn no lessons of humanity, unless it is written beautify with the pencil of the sword.

THE elements of human happiness are love to God and men, love to one woman, and the possession of a good blood-gift.

IF A NEWSMAN man is an anatomist, his fancy will jump over every fence and ditch in the whole neighborhood.

A WELL-STRONG man is not satisfied to watch the movements of fortune's wheel. He grasps it and tries to mend it with his hands.

SCRUTINIZE a lawyer when he tells you how he would litigation, and a doctor when he drinks your health.

IT IS quite as well for children that parents should not always have them with a feeble and overburdened.

THOSE fondest of finding fault are pretty sure to find a great many faults and to appreciate the whole of them.

POLITICAL and literary institutions should be founded upon the principle of the wise and good.

WARS drive up riches in heaps, as winds drive up sands in the mountains and consuming many always.

POLITICAL men, like goats, usually thrive best among mountainous regions.

LOVE of supremacy, unlawful political glory, have been the chief causes of blood, and horror of.

IF you see a ghost, take to your heels. He can't catch you if you run. He can't run after you.

HE who will break his last loaf with you, but will not break his last vow to you.

GLORY is all very well, but even the weakest of our nature will not die for it to it's credit.

AFFLICTIONS are salutary. To yield its best fruits, they need the salt, and the water of tears.

CRUELTY is no more the cure of crimes than it is the cure of sufferings: compassion is good for both.

THE best way to keep your shoes from wet is to keep your feet out of them.

THERE is no use for your pantaloons. Don't get yourself charged with breaches of trust.

THE best cure for a corn is diamond and you will be sure to have an old shot at the table.

THE broken wife is generally sold at readily as most matters of books, how brisk the trade would be.

WOMAN ought to conceive of herself, they are not satisfied unless they have husbands to order.

TO keep warm in a cold day, women double the dress, and men double the fare.

MORE low-suites than love-suits are brought on by unrequited love.

ALMOST every evil has its compensation. He who has no cash has no trouble with it.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A MAN recently discharged from Sing Sing, who had served out a long term of imprisonment, during a brief business in defending confiding women, children and orphans from the assaults of evil men, the gallant police, and two coroners then in his view of him. He had cast, and a gift address, and usually with those on whom he spoke to address him to be sent and deserving man. In large cities, ladies should not leave their houses at night for fear of meeting with their work.

AN officer of one of the New York volunteer regiments, on coming home on a visit recently, found his wife engaged in making arrangements for the approaching ceremonies, they having telegraphed to the colonel of his regiment to meet at the house of a friend. The arrangements contained a stunning surprise, to say nothing of the fun it promised to be. Here it was that he made out this that he was dead neither she nor anybody else could prevent.

A FRENCHMAN, while eating some plums for a dessert, put the stones in a pile of one the while he was crowded through a slit; and on putting it in his mouth he found it was a pill, and on the plums remaining in sitting him in the palate, which immediately began to swell to such an extent that he was unable to eat, and he brought to bear in his face, the effect of which for a few days has been fun reflection.

A MAN residing in Hartford, Connecticut on a charge of larceny, had actually blown himself from the third floor of the Court House, thirty-five feet below, with the intention of striking on his head and so killing himself; but he was not quite dead enough for that, and had only broke one ankle and one wrist, and sustained some internal injuries.

A LADY living in Williamsburg, while sitting down at dinner the other evening, with a fork in her clothes, and she having up all at once, she was immediately seized with a fainting fit, and fell dead on the floor. Her husband, who fortunately tried to extinguish the flames, was also burnt about the hands in endeavoring to save his life.

A LITTLE boy four years old, whose parents live in Rivington street, fell down the front stone steps of his house, and struck his head upon the curb, and he had striking violently on the flagging of the sidewalk, and he was fractured, and he died in the course of an hour.

A YOUNG man, while going a grunting recently, got today in a boat with his companions, to attempt to cross the river. On their way they were struck by the tornado, and in the rising of a wave, the boat was overturned, and the young man was drowned, before a single person could reach him.

A YOUNG man, about seventeen years of age, was crossing the city hall, recently, and came to the end of some money, in gold, from the trunk of a fellow-boarder, and secreted it in his pocket. The money was soon found on him, and he was committed to the Tombs to await his trial.

A COUPLE of women hid a child, fifteen months old, in a pail some time since, and covered over, one evening lately, and then ran off and left it. A policeman who had noticed their actions, suspected something to be wrong, found the child, and then hunted down the women who were arrested and sent to the Tombs.

A COUPLE, each over sixty-five years of age, were married in this city, lately, and then a quarrel broke out, which ended in the wife's striking the husband with a chair in the eye with a stick; like result, by knocking him down with a stool, and finally scratching against the stone as he fell, he received a mortal wound, and died in a few hours.

As a number of persons were attempting to cross the river at Utah, in a ferry-boat, which started away by a freshet, it capsized, and two women and five children, the wives and offspring of citizens of Utah county, were drowned.

A WELL-DRESSED negro was detected the other afternoon in picking the pocket of a gentleman who was looking at some engravings in a window in Nassau street, and taken before a Police Justice, who committed him for trial.

A MAGNETIC hammer has been invented in Germany, which takes nails out nails by the head and holds them until they are driven into the wood far enough to stand alone, thereby all damaging of fingers is avoided.

THE astronomer of the Hayes' Arctic Expedition, in search of the northwest passage, was frozen to death on his sledge while out exploring, accompanied by a single Esquimaux.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1861.

No Traveling Agents.—We employ no traveling agents. If any party pretends to act as such for us, you can put him down as a swindler.

We cannot change the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us the former, as well as the present address.

Our Club Terms.—Single copies, $2 per annum; two copies, $3; four copies, $5; eight copies, $10. Canadian subscribers who get up clubs can afterwards add single copies at $1.50. The party who sends us $10 for a club of eight copies, will send us one more, if he wishes it, as a reward for his trouble in getting a subscriber. No subscription taken for a less period than one year. Specimen numbers sent gratis. Postmasters are requested to act as subscribers, or any other friends to whom they wish to send a copy on every paper. The terms of all agents paying $10 for a club remain the same. When a draft or check can conveniently be sent, it will be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail. Address as above, as we have no branch offices.

THE TELEGRAPH AND THE TRAIN.

We are now in communication, by telegraph, with Salt Lake City, in Utah. Our morning papers contain dispatches dated only the previous day, and by the time these words appear in print, the entire Pacific Telegraph line will have been completed, and information exchanged by lightning between San Francisco and New York.

The next great conquest over time and space in that direction will be achieved by the construction of a Pacific Railroad, which will place the two cities nearer to each other, chronologically, than New York was fifteen years at the close of the Revolution. Sooner or later such a road is sure to be built, and will accomplish a quarter of a century hence, no two points of the territory now comprised within the Union will be more than six or eight days from each by steam, and as many minutes by lightning.

And yet in the face of these certainties, for we hold them to be such, you will hear from what are called philosophers and statesmen locket that the republic is too large to remain intact. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, a believer in spiritualism, mesmerism, and all sorts of supernaturalism, is quite certain that the United States will be split up into at least four separate nations. He forsees some years hence, when, on the account, that such a breaking up of the United States would be a fine thing for Europe, he obtained his information, so important if true, while on a visit to some or four prominent chairs and tables, he does not specify. Other English capitalists, hereditary supposed to be intelligent, and not known to be under the influence of wizards and magicians, say pretty much the same tune, though they do not pitch it quite so high as Sir Bulwer Lytton, the author of wonderful dreams.

In view of the fact that the time between remote points of the Union diminishes as its boundaries are extended, it is amazing that men of common sense should indulge in such stupid drivel. The extremities of the land to-day are practically nearer to each other now than they were in 1783, when the confederacy consisted of thirteen members with a thirty-days' fit in the mercial treaties to talk of the Union breaking down because of its size, when science is bringing the ends of the earth together. At the very time when these fossils were predicting the segregation of the republic as the legitimate and logical consequence of its own extent, we are linking the Atlantic to the Pacific slope, and an overland railroad is about to be constructed by Russia, which, in conjunction with the lines already completed, will encompass the world.

AMERICAN LADIES LIBELLED.

One Kohl, a German traveller, has recently published a stupid treatise on the general appearance, manners and general coarse of life, of American Young Ladies. Should the ever visit this country again he had better wear his hair a la Beamer, and keep a bright cracker in his pocket. Flexible little instruments made of raw hide, with which high spirited daughters of Columbia now and then respond to ungentlemanly impertinence. He accuses the "young society of women" in this country of having insipidly pretty faces, unchiseled busts, awkward figures and meagre limbs; of taking little or no exercise and spending their time after the fashion of ladies in Eastern harems, on softly cushioned sofas and in rocking chairs; of drinking vinegar "to destroy the moonlight on their cheeks;" of being tender, delicate, capricious, fashionable puppets; of scouting the interference of parental authority in their love affairs and flirtations; of cajoling, enslaving, and conquering the male to other sex; of being "unluckily" fond of attending assemble and other lectures, "which are the bane of" and of other positive and negative traits too numerous to recapitulate. We have no hesitating libel on what he calls the "American Citizen Class." In only specially exceptional cases in the population of a portion of New England, whom he puts contemptuously on the back, and adds to be most "respectable, pious and domesticated." What an abominable fellow!

We suspect that Herr Kohl has not popular with our countrywomen during his sojourn among us. He writes very much in the "American Crinoline Colors" had given him the cold shoulder. Maybe he is a bachelor. And yet what he says about our young ladies being afraid of exercise and too fond of sofas and rocking chairs, may have some foundation in fact.

THE WORK-OR-BREAD CRY.

The English papers inform their readers that, in addition to civil war, we have to contend with another fearful evil—gangs of gaunt and hungry men going about our streets and hoarsely crying, *"Give us work or give us bread!"* John Bull is easily taken in, and he probably believes that all of a city which never looked brighter, and was seldom more cheerful or more busy than during the last few months. Besides, there are not one hundred American workmen in the city of New York who do not so clearly see the bribery of the New York Herald's agents in the best philosophy in England. The American merchant, *expecting to earn his own living, and asks no favors of anybody.* In good times he puts away two or three dollars a week as a resource against seasons when work shall be scarce. And even should he get a "little short" in dull seasons, he would, as a general thing, rather go without work and bread both then beg for either. In real, downright manliness of nature, an American mechanic is equal to a European nobleman, and in some cases superior.

But on the other side of the Atlantic things are ordered differently. Late arrivals from Europe inform us that, owing to the falling off of American orders for silk goods, forty thousand *silk weavers are out of employment at Lyons, for when Louis Napoleon was about to open workshops at the public expense. Precisely so. That is the price which the French workmen receive for their liberty.* Respecting Swedish workmen we have the proposition.

Do the European governments find it convenient to have the doctrine thus promulgated at their very doors, that governments must always be prepared to avert from improvident workmen the just consequences of their improvidence? Is the foreign working man to be eternally enslaved, and the brute back grown more into the degrading condition of children? Will any high-minded statesman, and reserve all his worship for an imaginary Socialism in New York?

Besides, the Lyons Socialistic workshops cannot last. The French government has been obliged to borrow two millions a year in excess of its income, and this excess has been spent in making labor abundant. Paris has been rebuilt that masons might be employed. But no day may come at last. And when it does come, what is to be done with a hungry population who have been systematically taught not to provide for a rainy day?

THE CENTRAL PARK—ONE CENT REWARD.

The Commissioners of the Central Park have established—and a very proper one—a rule that there shall be no hat driving within the Park, and limiting the speed of vehicles to a walking pace. This is all very well, or rather it would be very well, if the Commissioners were to enforce of speed, and could tell a six-mile an hour trot from a dignified walk, or a snail's pace. But some of them are utterly incompetent to judge of the exact rate of speed, and have no understanding with indian and gentlemen driving, who are permitted lots of speed. The fast driving in the Park anything but a pleasure. We are not opposed to fast driving in the Park as any one; in fact, we have our own good horses, would think of such a thing as driving them anywhere but in the Park or upon the Park. There are, however, some persons who have no horses but fast ones, and must have also, and still others who hire horses at livery stables, and must have them occasionally to drive at a dangerous rate of speed, if there were no rules regulating the use of the public drives while strutting in the "little brief authority" of the office of Commissioner, considers it worth making themselves ridiculous. They sometimes in a very offensive manner stop fast-driving gentlemen, lasting ladies; and they even interfere with children driving their fathers' horses in a quiet manner. Our own boys have been thus meddled with, when driving their father's horses, and that was lost forever, as much as if he were in his grave. During the early part of July, a few hundred and fifty thousand victims were consigned to the Potter's field.

One of the first acts of the French Revolution was to strike upon the superstitious fetters and cause it to its foundation.

"Our Saviour," says Michelet, "shivered then Bastille to pieces, tore away its stones with bleeding hands, and with the fragments, therewith they reared them again, and having hewn them into a different shape, they built with them a church to be trampled under foot by the people forever, built with them the bridge of Revolution."

The Luxury Lounge, in Chatham Square, a celestite man, who contrived to extort, through the careless manner in which he conducted the income of twenty-five thousand dollars a year. As the people of this region elect their municipal government which had so long defrauded them of all their rights, the Luxury Lounge was one of the most essential measures was to capture the building. The Bastille was provided with guns, commanded the city, and could drive its heavy shot into every part of the streets. But how could the Bastille be taken? In its massive strength of stone, which well protected men and supply supplied with the munitions of war, it was apparently impregnable. Besides, there were soon more proprietors than for a Parisian mob to undertake the destruction of the Bastile.

"The idea," says Michelet, "was by no means reasonable. It was an act of faith."

The people had no arms, no cannonballs. There was, however, a large supply at the Hotel of the Invalides. There, on the 14th of July, a vast crowd, and thirty thousand men, mostly unarmed, had collected, and were momentarily the great arsenal. The governor of the Invalides had loaded his guns with cannonballs and grape, and could easily have swept down the assailants before they could have got near the gates. But while a slaughter, in this act venture to give the command to fire, the same moment that the first shot across rush, heaped the Champs Elysees, and the fathers turned their efforts, strive to do their best to their country's cause.

THE THREE CAMP DISEASES.

Soldiers in camp are subject to three diseases—diarrhea, rheumatism and fever. The commonest cause of diarrhea is bad water; its cure, camphor rum, and abstinence from all food except the food except plain boiled rice. All ordinary cases will yield to this treatment in twenty-four hours or less. Rheumatism is usually brought on, not by exposure, but by drinking bad water. Hard drinkers are particularly liable to bad water. Its cure is camphor rum, a hot bath, flannel, and keep the digestion sound. Fevers are generally brought on by bad water or bad air. A man going out on night duty should never go without a cup of strong coffee, if he can get it necessary. Good food and active exercise will prevent fevers, as a rule where they are not commonly deleterious. To cure a case of not very severe fever, a change of air is often equal to a change of air. It is said that the removal of a patient only a few miles often works a change for the better in his condition. In scouting duty, the greatest danger is from fever, and the danger so long as the party keeps on the windward side of it. These doctrines are laid down by the best authorities, and common sense will give those who have given much attention to the subjects discussed, and ought therefore to be treat worthy.

WHAT EUROPE OWES TO AMERICAN INVENTORS.

If the debtor and creditor account between America and Europe, in the matter of the debt relates to important inventions, were fairly settled, the balance would be enormously against in favor of America. What equivalent has England received for the Fulton steamboat? Millions of America origin which have exercised such a vast influence in the development of her commerce and the promotion of her agricultural and manufacturing interests. Steamboats—the Fulton class—electric telegraphs—railroads—gas —lighting presses—revolving firearms—India rubber goods—fire engines—locomotive—sewing machines—mechanical reapers and mowers—are among the great boons we have bestowed upon mankind within the last sixty years or so. The entire list would occupy columns. We have enumerated only a few of the most prominent items. These and space are said to be unalimited, and the figure scarcely transcends the fact. Who taught the world to annihilate them? Morse—an American; and even the presses with which the London Times prints its abuse of our institutions and its exultant predictions of our downfall, were invented by an American.

STORMING THE BASTILE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

In the year 1789 there stood, at the eastern entrance gate of Paris, the world-renowned fortress of the Bastile. The massive towers, the gigantic pile of rock and iron was surmounted by eight towers, which darkened the air with their gothic gloom. Within the building was surrounded by a wall of stone nine feet in thickness and one hundred feet high. This wall was also protected by a ditch twenty-five feet deep and one hundred feet in breadth.

The Bastile was universally regarded with terror. It was the dungeon, and receptacle for punishments which despotic power could wield. There were few hours sufficiently hold to leave its menace. Imagination can scarcely conceive the agonies which were the occasion of the Bastile. The stone walls were silent with the death and wail of years. The dungeons were filled with all those victims who seek darkness and silence. The moat covered with a green carpet of a few rays of light through a narrow slit in the wall. Impenetrable doors, seven inches thick, and provided with massive locks and bolts, shut the captive as effectually from the world as if in the grave.

There were vaults in this horrible prison cellar-like, where the victim was dropped into oblivion. They were sunk into the ground beneath the walls of the fortress, and they had no air, with a narrow neck and expanding bosom. Into these subterranean caverns the wretches were dropped through a trap-door in the floor above. Quite a number of them are utterly inconsistent to the world. Their friends knew not whether they were living or dead. Their doors, never unlocked, were provided with massive locks and bolts, shut the captive as effectually from the world as if in the grave.

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A gentleman by the name of Donnell, for refusing to obey a royal command of Richelieu, was thrust into one of these cells, where he passed seven years of misery, and he did not know what became of him, as he was dragged from them at midnight.

"Oh, who can tell the days that night is spent
Of sickness, weariness, sadness woe!"

All this is changed. Imagination can now run free. The mind is appalled by the contemplation of such a fearful power. The Bastile, which for years frowned with unconscious against the prejudice and opinion, where the victim was dropped into the pretext of disinfection he was aided by the secret orders, and plunged into the darkness, which he was lost forever, as much as if he were in his grave. During the early part of July, a few hundred and fifty thousand victims were consigned to the Potter's field.

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The afternoon was now wearing away. But one individual within the fortress had been injured by a chance shot. One hundred and sixty-one of the assailants had been either killed or wounded. The garrison consisted of eighty soldiers, and thirty Swiss soldiers. The French soldiers were in sympathy with their brethren of the assailants, and at length openly revolted, dragging down the Bourbon flag, and raising upon their bayonets tricolor, and the tricolor ribbons of cockades. Gradually these white flags were discerned through the clouds of smoke which enveloped the prison, and the cry was echoed through the thronged streets, "The Bastile has surrendered!"

De Launey conceives that he could expect no mercy from the people, whose blood he had been shedding so profusely, seized a match and rushed towards the magazine. There were one hundred and thirty-five barrels of gunpowder in the vaults. The explosion would have buried one hundred thousand people beneath the ruins of the Bastile, and have demolished one-third of Paris. Two soldiers seized the frantic governor and bound him.

The portals were thrown open, and the throng rushed in. They clambered the towers, penetrated the cells, and with lanterns groped through the gloomy of dungeons and cellblocks. They found seven prisoners, and also the instruments of torture with which the victims had been worn and broken.

The moderation of the people, in the hour of their long and of triumph, was remarkable. Instead of devouring the Swiss, who had shot down seventy-two hundred of their number in indiscriminate massacre, but one of them was killed. The governor, with eight of the Swiss troops, and carefully endeavoring to protect them from violence, in a tumultuous throng which could not be counted, they were endeavoring to escape from the fortress, and to the Hotel de Ville for trial. There were a few in this vast throng burning for vengeance. They at length succeeded in overpowering the guard of De Launey, struck him to the ground, cut off his head, and raised the ghastly trophy into the air on a pike. Two of the Swiss guard were also hung upon a lamp-post. But the French guard and the Swiss were rescued by the people marched promptly to the rescue. The body the whole garrison, French and Swiss, under their protection, and bore them in safety to the necks. Thus terminated this ever memorable day in the history of France. It was the 14th of July, 1789.

The fall of the Bastile caused a shock of exultation to roll over the whole domain of France. The oppressed throughout the land rejoiced, and thanks were returned to God in all the churches. The nobles were overwhelmed with consternation on the occasion. The Abbe Fauchet preached a sermon of such surpassing eloquence that its echoes still resound through France. His text was, "Behold, I have put my words in thy mouth." He commenced:

"False interpreters of Scripture," said the Abbe, "have wished, in the name of Heaven, to chain the human mind. Heaven has broken them. They have consecrated despotism. They have consecrated the prejudices of ignorance. These false teachers exult because it is written, "Resist not evil." Jesus has said it, and he has not said it. But which is not Cæsar's—is it necessary to render to him? And *Liberty* does not belong to Cæsar. It belongs to human nature."

This eloquent connection of the politics of the Gospel with liberty, was greeted with the loudest plaudits. A civic crown was placed upon his head, and he was carried in triumph by the waving of banners, the peal of bugles, the ringing of bells, and the acclamations of the crowds who thronged the streets.

"OR ANY THING THAT IS KIN."

How is one to help covering when one goes to see Mr. Eastman Johnson's last picture? Its light brings out every masterly touch, with most effective force. How is one to help saying, oh! if I had but this, or that, or that, even to the smallest fraction of it? For my own part, I have made fierce vows and broken them about visiting these picture haunts, than most other places, and I can no more help it than can a country-boy can help bird-nesting on a May-day morning. There are some pictures, like some faces, that your heart refuses forever, and there are some that you can't get over. Pictures that come up to you, as you do awake mornings, that are given, like me, to shut out all things—to dwindle it at the moment really be-fore you. Pictures that you are ashamed to be impressed at all as you were; for all that it matters, they might as well be mere colored objects, or passes by; for there is no rule about it, and you can't help it like a bird's nest. Pictures in these art matters, come and go to order. Mr. Eastman Johnson's picture is one of these. He who has not read his gradual progress of linguistic power, from the first Negro Boy to the Croton-bag of the present day, will never make out the through nine volumes of a log-cabin to save my reputation. That a "professional critic" might raise his eyebrows because I did not make my message for me, I know it will say it, as well as I can or how it, and failing in this, that a bystander could say, yes or con, would be a matter of course. But what like a bird's Great Cæsar! how I like it! and that you see nothing to complain of in it, when I stumble against that covet-ing commandment. FANNY FERN.

HOW ARE BULLETS MADE!

Ira Mayhew, Jun., (order No. 1,) Editor of the Leisure Hour, writes to us that he have a very flourishing Mechanics' Association in his school twelve years old, and boasts of it as one of the permanent institutions of our city. It will have a public meeting once a month, upon whatever the institution thinks best, occupying the last hour of the day. Its future we generally send abroad for a man of science to address us. Last December Mr. Vaughan, a practical chemist, delivered a lecture to the Polytechnic Association of the American Institute in New York city. We observe the chip-traps and little bunnings mostly tobacco, and we would like it like a bird's nest. Mr. Vaughan's lecture was very much to the point, and we think it will be of interest to our boys, some of whom will be thankfully received and shed away as invaluable, undoubted fact.

Very respectfully yours,
H. M. N. De Vans, Secretary.

[We cannot fully explain the bullet-making process, as requested by our correspondent, and would be glad if some person who is thoroughly posted in the business would send us a brief article on the subject.—Ed. Ledger.]

THOUGHTS AS THEY OCCUR.—No. 9.

BY ONE WHO KEEPS HIS EYES AND EARS OPEN.

MY PICTURE GALLERY.

I have seen the principal galleries of pictures in American cities; and a few of the eminent collections in London and Paris. It may seem to some like vain and foolish boasting, to say that I have a collection of pictures far surpassing any at home or abroad. Yet, I conscientiously affirm it. Of course, it would be the view of a curmudgeon, to shut up such a collection. Keep it open Hey! the day, and often far into night. No fee is charged for admission. Entrance is gratuitous, and all are welcome. Even a new arrangement of pictures is going on: for I have so many pictures that all cannot be exhibited at once, and every day I make new dispositions. Although figure pieces largely outnumber all others, yet, there are admirable sea-pieces, ships, bits of landscape, fine cloud pictures, very well executed trees, small pieces, animals of many kinds, true to life. There has been great pains taken with execution. It would be difficult to find any disposition of cloth from the embroidered robe of a beggar's coat, to the heavy folds of velvet and satin, or the fine plaits of linen and lace, that I have not an exhibition. Will you walk with me and take a mere cursory view?

Let us enter the door, and go into the street. There! see that sad face coming. The artist has endeavored to depict the expression of one who had been well bred, whose thoughts and feelings were refined, who had for years passed from reverse to reverse; by turns sickness, or watching at the sick; poverty, without misdemeanor; neglect of friends borne without bitterness of spirit; the loss

PROGRESS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"Fear the habit—does the eat—does the rise grow." BY MARK.

"Two feared you not" said the mile-stone
"To a tiny grain of wheat,
"Nevertheless, in your darkness feel I
Come closer to the light, my sweet."

Then it opened its eyes like a baby,
And raised it in meekness meekly,
And drank the draught to its lips that pour
And fed it more sweetly and purely,
As a cloud at the morning's call.

Then from night a spike-like fibre,
And a filament next took hold,
And a tender woodbine stem was seen,—
While a shy stem with its banner green
Trumpeted the dawning meek.

So, freed from a stranger's terror,
Its fresh blade fearlessly high,—
And soon the opening shell came by,
With modesty bowed around its cloth,
Gladdening the rapt eye's sight

Even thus, by man-hung infant,
Expands to five feet the—
And to whom best to give and cry,
Uplifts the sword of the warrior high,
And hails embattled men.

For little by little, while men believe,
Our every works are done,—
And stone by stone, with progress slow,
Tower, castle, and cathedral grow
And the pyramid mocks the sun.

From the humble herbs of A. B. C.
The wisest lore is won;
Man rises to science of science in dignity meek,
And the sovereign philosopher takes his seat,
While the world is homage bends.

Hartford, Conn., October 8th, 1861.

VASCO PERES,
THE COOPER OF ALCOBAÇA.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

CHAPTER V.

"Where dreams best have we drank."

That night Peres retired to his chamber at an earlier hour than usual, as her bodily strength had been severely tested by the adventures which had well nigh cost her her life. But sleep did not visit her eyes immediately: she lay for some time overcome by the day's occurrences. At time time she listened to her maid the lightening speed of her safety as it bore her over the perilous road along the river side; then a cold shudder passed through her frame at the vivid recollection of the terrible feeling that had seized upon her as she felt into the water, and her flight and horror while struggling and gasping for breath in the treacherous element, which was closing over her sinking form; then again, she lethargised herself of the remembrance which followed; and, joining her hand in fervent prayer, she praised God her thanksgiving for Him who had kept watch over her. Next to God, her highest strains of thanks was bestowed upon her generous rescuer. The well-proportioned figure and manly mien of Vasco Peres stood conspicuously in the foreground of the picture thus outlined in her mind's eye, and, as it was presented as a chief actor in that thrilling scene, the tide-gate of the cooper was often thrown into the shade. While her memory and her imagination were thus at work, Evelin fell asleep.

She had not long time to profit much from her slumber, when she was awoke by a loud knocking at the outer gate. A summons to the gate at that late hour was quite an extraordinary event at the mansion of Alula, for the proximity to Alcobaça generally relieved it from all application for hospitality, except on the part of such as were on terms of friendship with the inmates. Somewhat alarmed, Elvira rose from her bed, and hurriedly throwing some clothes over her, she opened a door that led into the adjoining room, which was occupied by Violante.

"Violante, art thou asleep?" she called.

"What is the matter, my lady; are you bailiffed?" replied the young girl, jumping up and running towards the Lady of Runa.

"Dread Madre, my child, is the cause of some visit which I cannot account for at this untimely hour. I am sore hasted that bread of heroes. Open quickly, and come to me."

The widow of Alula's chamber opened upon the court, and on returning to her room, she heard the sound of voices.

"I thought you in the King's name, open the gates," said one, in a commanding tone, which Elvira thought she recognised.

"And who are you that come in the darkness of night and challenge attendance in the Lady's room? Have you his warrant?" replied a voice from the inside.

"Mistakes the presence of Dom Garcia de Cabreira in sufficient sufficiency. Know your audience and question no further, or the gates shall be battered in."

"Hold!" cried the other. "Ere you proceed to such violence against the dwelling of a widowed lady, who holds herself a faithful vassal of His Highness, first let me make sure it is the noble Dom Garcia who claims admittance, and then give me time to receive the commands of so grievous mistress, for here I obey none but hers."

"It is but meet you apprise her ladyship; besides, our business is with her."

As she listened to this dialogue, a qualm, as it were, came over the fair lady of the manor, as she had reason to fear the hand of Valverde, especially now that he was invested with the command of a large force, which proved sufficient also above all law in the then disturbed state of the country, whilst she was greatly attended by a few menials who could give her no adequate protection.

"Violante," said she, in great agitation, to Vasco's affianced, hastily putting on her clothes, had just entered, "Violante, help to array me. Prepare *Sanchinho!* what will become of us? How is Dom Garcia demanding admittance in the King's name. If it were any other, I should not be so alarmed; but the coming of this bad man looks dismay."

"Surely you will not suffer the gates to be opened to Valverde, while performing the functions of bower-woman.

"What can I do else? He would have them forced open. I fear me there is some villainy in this move."

Several lady, order the gates to be kept fast, while we escape by the river-side. We will to Alcobaça that way, and shelter us at my brother's."

This were idle, dearest child. If the Lord of Valverde acts by authority of His Highness, I should be no safer there than at home. Besides, if I thought fit to leave the house, there is a surer way for effecting our escape, that will never be known: it is no less peril. Yet, why should I fear? I have done nought to offend the King—and surely this man will not dare do more than his own warrant for. But I hear footsteps in the corridor; open, Violante, it must be Sancho."

The old porter Sancho, who had served the family from his youth, made his appearance, evincing much anxiety and alarm.

"I have heard all, Sancho; act then sure it is Dom Garcia de Cabreira?" asked Elvira.

"It is he, my lady; I made sure of this by looking through the opening in the wicket. He has some twelve or fifteen men with him. Ah, Senhora, there are but few of us here: yet, if any harm be meant for you, we need but your license to bar their entry. The gates are as strong as the walls they are hinged on, and I promise that, despite the efforts of their intruders, we can defend them till daylight, at least."

"Nay, good Sancho, I would not suffer my faithful servants to risk themselves in such unless enterprise. The King's orders must be obeyed, and the commissioned officer admitted. Go open the gates, Sancho, without further delay: and you, Violante, assist me. My old man still demurred: "and if the Lord of Valverde require my presence, let him await my coming in the great hall."

The ponderous gates were thrown open, and those without passed on into the court-yard. Cabreira and two others were the only persons mounted, all the rest, to the number of a dozen, were on foot and armed with pikes.

"Take heed, Fernão Rodrigues," said Cabreira, in a whisper, to the rider next to him: "should I give the order, use all dispatch in the work, and see to it that not one escape, for it might give us some trouble."

On dismounting, Cabreira intimated that it was necessary for him to see the lady of the mansion, whereupon old Sancho sent a female servant to deliver the message to her mistress, and then conducted the unwelcome guests into the vestibule, which was spacious and contained three doors leading to different parts of the house, one opposite the entrance, the other two on each side facing each other. Bidding his companions wait in the vestibule, the Lord of Valverde was shown by Sancho into the reception hall, which adjoined the vestibule, and was entered by the door to the left. The servants, both male and female, having been aroused from their slumbers, were also repairing to the hall, some of them with lights, others merely anxious to ascertain the import of this extraordinary, and, to all appearance, ominous visit. A few min-

AN UNEXPECTED TURN OF THINGS.

utes later, the lady of Runa made her appearance in becoming apparel.

"It were needless to me, senhor cavalleiro," said she, "to say welcome to you, seeing that you have compelled an unprovided visit to my humble door at this time of night; but if your coming is pursuant to the express order of His Highness all due honor shall be paid you, and the equal commands obeyed."

"Could me, lady," said Cabreira, suiting his looks to his words, "it is with undisputed reluctance that I call at so unseasonable an hour, and with the deepest regret that I am the self called upon by my sovereign lord; but duty and the royal service alone could have moved me to it."

"And pray what can His Highness' service have in common with a lady situated as I am?"

"Noble lady," said Cabreira, with every outward show of respect, "I would fain communicate to you alone what I have to say: reason stacks demand, and admits of no dalliance. A few moment's conference with you might destroy sundry doubts and grievous suspicions, while entering on and your household from much annoyance."

"Pressing," replied Elvira, haughtily; "you best, sir knight! What can you bring against Evelin Forjaz or any of those under her roof? I would you were speak out before all. There is nought to call for a secret parley between us."

"With your good leave, lady, I must insist. Times are critical, and the safety of the crown takes precedence over every consideration. If you persist in refusing my request, dictated solely by a sense of duty, you must pardon if I shall be reluctantly compelled, without further loss of time, to discharge my commission."

Elvira hesitated as to what course to pursue. Yet there might be truth in what the Lord of Valverde had said; there might exist some misapprehension which would be dispelled by a few words of explanation, thus saving the threatened scandal. Besides, she thought that it was but no greater jeopardy for passing a few minutes with him, when all in the house were at hand to call to her aid, in which she was placed already.

"You can refer to the vestibule, Dom Garcia," said she, after some hesitation; "but then shall stay with me, Violante."

"Your pardon, madam, I cannot be; what I have to say is for your ear alone," said Cabreira.

"Your Lord, I pray you, leave me to decide my own servants."

"Lady, it cannot be; you must make the sacrifice of subjecting to your wishes what is without consequence."

Elvira, perceiving that it was useless to contend any longer, allowed Violante to depart with the others.

"Are all the members of your household present, fair lady; if not, I would fain request that you have all in one room, immediately in the vestibule," said Cabreira, advancing to the door and motioning the servants with his hand to command them with his own soldiers.

"They are all here, senhor," replied Sancho, over his shoulder and time to answer.

"Lady," said Cabreira, turning to Elvira, after the door was closed, "the words I spoke just now are unfortunately grounded on certain information of a most serious nature. I have to say that there are circumstances which tend to implicate you in a business of the most dangerous kind."

"And pray, would you do me the especial favor of informing me of the charge that is brought against me?" said Elvira, in a slightly agitated manner.

"I would fain hope, lady, I am willing and anxious to believe, that you are in no way really involved in the issue for failure. Dom Egas comprehend that in these desultory and critical times, when the fate of kingdoms is hung in the balance, every one is bound to employ every means, whether fair or foul, in order to bring to light the machinations of the traitor, and seize the crown of Joao of Avis, the safety of which is identified with our independence, and above all when the craft of secret enemies might blast all our hopes by working against the efforts now being made to ensure success in the impending battle, which is to decide our future destinies; you must comprehend, Senhora Dona Elvira, that at such a moment, neither law nor privileges can be claimed by such as may become subject to the slightest suspicion. Indeed, injustice will often prevail in such cases; but the urgency of the moment pleads in its defence."

"And whither tends this speech, senhor cavalleiro?" asked Elvira, who had scarcely been able to refrain from giving marks of impatience at this harangue.

"To this: that there exists a plot against our lord the king, and that your house harbors confederates, Dona Elvira."

"This is mockery, sir; an isolated lady and a few servants, most of them old and worn out, turned into conspirators against the king! Will you favor me with the particulars of this most astounding discovery?" said Elvira, ironically.

"My lady, to catch the fox alive we must needs for a while play the fox: to thwart the designs of assassins, my informations are not to be quibble until the danger be past. In this case, the king must be the first object of the traitor's to closely touches his interests and can alone be dealt with by him. Dona Elvira, I shall I trust moved by duty alone, and divulged this business to the king, he had forthwith caused your arrest."

"So you are not deputed by His Highness? I have had some intimation under the royal name? Or, senhor cavalleiro, you are a chimera fitting with the ribbon bedecked."

"How me, Dona Elvira, believe you pass too hasty a judgment upon my proceeding. By whose authority do I command the forces in the castle, if not by the king's? Is it not part of my duty to watch and act for the safety of the crown? Could I not, therefore, save my own by duress without awaiting the royal pleasure or giving you my motives? How me now, lady?" added he, seeing that Elvira was about to interrupt him, "I could have done so, but it is not my purpose to be harsh; I wish to conciliate friendship with the utmost ease. In consulting the king, I come to serve you, to detect the traitor from among your household."

"I am greatly beholden to you for the good opinion you entertain of my house, Senhor cavalleiro; but being in no wise conscious of having deserved it, I must decline your proffered service. It is known that persons favoring Castile's cause have been in your house, and that your lordship is in the habit of entertaining evil company."

"It is a vile calumny; search every corner, and you shall find nought."

"This were more than idle: the proofs I possess are sufficient for the end I have in view, lady; but if the matter get abroad, it may be the means to avert the most fatal consequence. These proofs; the means I have devised to secure them, I am not prepared to entrust to the convent of Santa Maria de Cos, there to remain till the end of the war. Dona Elvira, I must request you thither with a few trusty men."

"I leave not from my house, Sir Knight," said Elvira, in a decided tone.

"Dona Elvira, have you rejected my love, it burns as strongly as when my hopes were highest; I seek you with even more zeal. Power of settling to a convent would prove a sovereign remedy against the fatal effects of your lenity. Your stay need not be long; things must soon wear a better aspect. Dona Elvira, I am anxious to avert the consequence would be ill spent on me. I'll abide the issue."

"Think well on my advice, lady," said Cabreira, as Elvira stalked through the door followed within him, although, by a supreme effort, he succeeded in suppressing all evil prudence; "despite not the only channel left open for escape by way of the river. Will you, I beseech, now yet unfortunately grounded on certain information of a most serious nature. I have to say that there are circumstances which tend to implicate you in a business of the most dangerous kind."

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despite your precautions. Depart, and leave no and mine in peace."

"It is too wrong, lady; and as I long to undeceive you in your ill-timed suspicion, I shall with all speed command my men to do their duty;" and the foul dissembler again took a step towards the door.

"Desist! thou art not fit to command brave men. I will denounce thy villainy to thy own soldiers: if there is one spark of worthy feeling in their hearts they will give no heed to thy commands," said so saying, Elvira rushed forward in order to gain the door. But Valverde raised her by the arm, ere she had taken two steps.

"Unhand me, fiend!" cried he; "your conduct would be best on them. Think you I know not my aim?"

Then advancing to the door, while Elvira, as in despair, sank back into a seat, Cabreira raised the latch, and saying in a loud voice, "Senhor Dom," hurriedly closed the door again. The words had no sooner passed his lips, when a tremendous uproar was heard from the vestibule. It was like the shuffling of many feet, the hurling and rushing to and fro of many people, mixed with a din of voices perfectly deafening: then the great bones of the men, crowding there were the great bones of the men, crowding there were the great bones of the women.

"Help! help!" shrieked Elvira, frantically, as if bereft of her senses; "oh! why should I call for help! Who is there here to deliver me from the hands of a villain?" and the distracted wrung her hands in despair.

"Help, lady!" said Cabreira. Elvira: it becomes not the fight; nor is it suited to one who loves me as you profess to love me—whose life I would spill his last drop for thy sake—who is even now risking his life to secure your safety from a foul and treacherous plot, the imposter fell upon his knees before her, and would have attempted to possess himself.

"Keep back, then demon of hypocrisy! touch me not! I will die ere I yield to thy lust!" said the stunned lawyer.

"If you save me? you, who of all men I have most reason to hate, who have insulted me, confirmed she, suddenly changing her tone for that of mingled irony and sarcasm; "you have wanted generosity: your heart-strings cannot be bound by gratitude! Oh, no! You will not tarnish your fair name by a foul and cowardly deed, you! Or what you will, but never to you for your cry savage, guard the mansion; place your sentinels at the gate. You can do no more but—"

"Senhora de Cabreira, you would say," added Valverde, perceiving that she checked herself, in order to avoid the appearance of a threat, "I have nought to fear, fair lady: rest assured, you shall have every broken slumbers with the glory of Lord Martin de Cos."

"And am I to trust these leagues with you as the last of life?" screamed Elvira, in wild terror.

As she spoke, the clamor without suddenly increased in violence, becoming terrific.

"Hark! they appear to be louder and louder," continued Elvira, her face as pale as death. "O, it is dreadful! they will murder my faithful servants. Retend, cruel man! harm not those poor defenseless, at least. O! that Vasco Peres were here to save me and mine," added she, seeing that Cabreira made no answer to her first appeal.

"O! why did he not leave me to perish in the river!"

"That he might free you from the hands of a villain," said Cabreira, with a bitter sneer, and in a voice of thunder; and Vasco Peres bounded across the hall.

CHAPTER VI.

"There is many a one who twirls the rope and the tie."

By this time the reader will have been able to form some idea of the schemes whereby the Lord of Valverde hoped to effect his villainous purpose of getting Elvira to Coa, a village on the confines of Alcobaça, and chiefly noted for its convent of cistercian nuns, founded since the events previously related to, in 1385. By urging the plea of her safety, he had entertained the hope of persuading her to allow herself to be conducted to that community, in which event his unfathomed would have been fulfilled—and but foreseeing the possibility of resistance on her part, it had been arranged between him and Fernão Rodrigues—an inferior officer who enjoyed his entire confidence, and with whom the reader will hereafter become better acquainted—that, as soon as Cabreira gave the order, Rodrigues and the soldiers should fall upon all the male servants, and, after binding them hand and foot, should confine all the women in some room in the house. Then, bearing the fruit of their conquest from the mansion, Cabreira, soldiers as a guard over the captives, should have conveyed Elvira to Coa, where the marriage would have taken place, by force, if Elvira, as was probable, should have persisted in withholding her consent. Thus, on the news of what had occurred at Alcobaça could spread, the crowning act of this diabolical plot would have been consummated. It did not escape Cabreira that a discovery of this outrage—and he was aware it could not be concealed for any length of time—might lay him open to condign punishment; but this did not give him much concern, for he relied upon the influence which he enjoyed on account of his acknowledged capacity as a commander, knowing full well that his services could not be dispensed with in the then condition of affairs; and in the midst of the general commotion, the revenge of a lady-love he would soon be forgotten. As to Elvira, he felt assured, that, even while chastening him, she would soon find it necessary, for the sake of her own honor and peace of mind, to become reconciled to her fate for which there could be no human remedy.

When Elvira ordered her people to retire into the vestibule, there was present some eight or nine men attached to various departments of the lady's service, besides the usual half a dozen women, including Violante. The duties of the greater part of these men were connected with the superintendence of the farm and the care of the stables. None of the laborers were there; for, according to the custom of the country, the farming was carried on by the slaves of Alula, who worked by the day. So soon as Cabreira gave the order, as mentioned in the last chapter, a soldier stationed himself at each of the three doors with his pike; in vain, in order to guard against the escape of any one, while the others, drawing forth cords with which they were provided, proceeded to bind the men for the purpose of binding them fast. At first the men made a fierce resistance, which caused the uproar already referred to; but, being unarmed, they were compelled to cease all further opposition, when the soldiers threatened them with their weapons. The work of handcuffing and legironing was proceeding in the midst of the vociferations and curses of the men and the screams of the terrified women, who were huddled together in a corner like a flock of sheep, when the door opposite the entrance was suddenly forced open, and Vasco and his friends coopers passed into the vestibule with drawn swords, falling upon the astonished and bewildered soldiers, whom they soon overpowered, some of the coopers keeping them pinned down by main force, while others proceeded to bind the cords which secured the servants. But the coopers were not alone: a monk followed close behind them. Over the white frock of St. Bernard he wore a cloak of a different shape from that used by the order, inasmuch as a cowl was attached to it, which the monk had drawn over his head and face, keeping it flat with his hand in such a way as to conceal his features.

"Now, my lads, bind every one of these wretches fast and sure," cried Vasco Peres, releasing his sister who had sprung to his arms, he scarcely could get out.

"Where shall I find the Senhora?"

"There," answered she and the liberated servants the name of the young soldiers with the very bands they themselves had brought, little anticipating that they were to be put to such a use. Vasco raised the latch and entered the great hall in the manner already described.

"Vasco! my rescuer," exclaimed Elvira as she sprang towards him.

Cabreira, who, with his back turned on the door, was at the act of approaching the Lady Runa for the purpose of trying to pacify her, and assuring her that she had no cause for alarm, ran-voice of our new lord upon his ear, ere he distinctly relied to the back of the chair on which he was going and hurled to the floor.

"Elvira! my love! my life! are safe now," said Vasco, suppressing the tottering frame of Cabreira, until his slayer came up to replace him.

Then, turning to Cabreira—who was hastily regaining his legs, the sense of the scene and the blush of shame upon his cheek—he continued: "Cowardly man! who in the face of the loathing burglar, last snatched thee of the deed of night to invade into the sanctity of a lady's bower, by thy dastardly conduct shall not go unpunished."

"Who, myself, vile knave?" cried Cabreira, drawing his weapon and making a pass at Vasco, which he parried it worth with him.

"Here! two or three of you, lay hold of Dom Garcia, and bind him fast," said Vasco, addressing himself to the coopers: "he quick about it, for I am impatient to proceed."

The two combatants had exchanged only a few passes, when three or four coopers, at the young's whole command, seized Cabreira, who in vain struggled to free himself from their grasp.

"Why this interference, father?" said Vasco hastily, but instantly lowering the point of his sword as he perceived that the monk had laid aside his cowl.

"Base churls!" cried Cabreira, "dare you lay hands on the King's lieutenant? Your heads shall pay the forfeit; or rather—what do I say? shall pay the forfeit; or rather—what do I say? shall pay the forfeit of your treachery. Vasco Peres, I shall be the first to feel the weight of your hand. Those who threats will in a moment be made to undone and we are ready to shed our last drop of blood in the cause of our country."

"I doubt your base insinuations," replied Vasco with contempt, "and will only add that when those who wear the garb of religion, they should be the last to forget that courtesy and protection due the fair sex, from them none have reason to fear. Let the gates be sent ruffian, they lose all claim to consideration from their character, and even such as are show a regal warrant."

Vasco's speech was here cut short by the monk, who, taking him by the arm, drew him from the immediate vicinity of the struggle spoke to him in a low tone so as not to be overheard.

"Benedict, Vasco; pause ere you be retributive. Dom Garcia commands a large force which will be ordered off in a few days. If which will be ordered off in a few days. If we have him here to retain him, granting this were possible; and folly, when we consider that by morning his accomplices would come to his rescue."

"This I know full well, fed Lopo; and we must needs let them go their way. But see you not that they might return again in greater numbers, alleging the same pretext of conspiracy. In order to prevent this, if possible, I was about to exact an oath from Dom Garcia ere liberating him."

"Thou hast sought to fear on this score;

leave this to me. Yet, there is no harm in requiring that he give us such an assurance."

"It seems to me, father, you rely much upon your power. Have you, then, any influence with this wicked man?" asked Vasco, in a tone of great surprise.

"You shall see, my son; but let me again remind thee of what I have already warned thee: should he ask my name, tell it not—turn might fellow," said Fed Lopo, as they left the window.

The monk went up to Carlotta and whispered a few words in his ear. The effect was magical; starting back as if he had trod on a serpent, with cheeks as pale as death, she looked around to see who had spoken those words, which must have had some sinister import to her, for even she to produce such a change in his expression; but all he saw was the retreating figure of the monk, as it passed through the door which led into the vestibule.

"Who is that monk?" asked he, with a faltering voice.

"That is more than I can tell," replied Vasco; "what I do know is, that he belongs to the monastery, so you must have seen by his habit."

"But how is it he came with you? You must know something of him, at least enough to hold sacred converse with him, as you did just now at yonder casement," said Cabrelos, now quite recovered from his momentary confusion.

"I can tell you no more than I know, Don Garcia. But I marvel at this sudden fit of curiosity; what matters it to you who he is?" exclaimed Vasco.

"In truth, I care not much to know," said Cabrelos, with assumed indifference; "yet, seeing the monk to be in the Governor's interview, it is an allowable curiosity; besides, he must have some evil purpose in acting thus. But tell me, do you propose consulting your own good by ordering the death of Felipe in their bezant hold."

"Senhor Don Garcia," said Vasco, breaking in upon his speech, "if you will promise to leave the matter entirely, and to forget from memory the noble lady for the future, you are at liberty to go your way, and I will answer for your man to be released."

"It is quite out of thy condition to presume to instruct me regarding my future course," replied the Lord of Valverde, striving to suppress the irritation that was fermenting within; "but let this pass for the present, and come you to account for so it is. To thee I have sought to see this matter; but, lady," continued he, addressing himself to Elvira, "I am willing to promise you that, under the sanction of the express command of His Highness, you shall not again be troubled by me or any of those under my direction. And now—"

"This will suffice, Senhor," said Vasco, interrupting him; "command will be given to set free, unbind the man," added he, advancing to the door.

What with the unexpected overthrow of his plans, the mysterious words of the monk, and the fear lest Vasco suspected his real purpose in coming to Akrin, Cabrelos was almost overcharged, and ere retiring he spoke a few words of caution to Elvira in a faltering voice.

"I fain would hope, fair lady, that you may view this proceeding of mine in no other light than as having been urged to it by necessity, and in no manner tending to your harm."

Enough, senhor," replied Elvira, with indignation at such base conduct; "you have done but a weak woman, I am not so easily imposed upon as you would seem to think." And, so saying, with dignity, as if spurning to give vent to the feelings which that attempted outrage had naturally roused in her bosom, "you alone know, perhaps, the full extent of your baseness; my injuries; may your future conduct be such as to remove all ground for the suspicions which now, with good reason, exist in my mind."

Time will show how much you wrong me, lady," Don, as he passed by Vasco, who, retired, between his teeth, so as to be heard by him alone, "I hope you have reason to be as trustworthy, Vasco Perez."

"I know full well the enemy I shall have to cope with in future," replied the cooper, with perfect calmness in his tone.

A few minutes later, the Lord of Valverde and his soldiers were on their return to the Alcazaba.

It were needless to expatiate upon the gratitude shown by Elvira for this timely interference of Vasco and his men. She expressed it, even thanks in the warmest terms, adding that henceforth she looked upon it as a duty to do all in her power that might contribute to his own and his sister's happiness."

"You are too prompt in giving me all the credit of this service, senhora," said Vasco, after the room had been cleared of Felipe Alvarez, the Visitante and himself; "there is one who has a better right to your gratitude than myself."

"Who, then?" asked Elvira, with surprise.

"Fred Lopo, the monk of whom I spoke to you this afternoon. I have just requested Sancho to see if he can be found upon the premises."

Was that Fred Lopo who was here just now? What could induce him to take part in this affair?" asked Elvira.

"All I know is that he wished to conceal his features from Don Garcia. Though not informed of the matter, I suspect it to be a lurking one; and he particularly recommended me and my men not to give him cause, should Don Garcia make any inquiry about him," replied Vasco.

"It would seem that he knew Don Garcia, and was unwilling to be recognised. I could not observe how pale the Lord of Valverde turned when the monk unexpectedly met him," observed Elvira.

"Methinks it were just such a look as he wore, that night sit upon the face of a criminal to whom the death-doom had been unexpectedly announced," added Vinicia.

The effect was wonderful; now on I learned the inner workings of his soul, as he left the scene of mysterious words. In truth, the monk is a riddle in himself; how, pray, has he come by such the mission ?"

"By the gates, I dreamed the password!" cried Elvira, in astonishment at such a question.

"Nay, by a secret passport."

"What, by the underground passage!" cried Elvira, in increased amazement.

"Even so," replied Vasco.

"And how did you make that discovery?"

"Fred Lopo served as guide; and we were in the house before Don Garcia and his soldiers arrived."

"How could the monk know of that passage?" said Elvira, as if communing with herself; "methought none but the old Senora and myself were in the secret, now that my poor uncle is no more. It is inconceivable—"

She was interrupted by the entrance of Sancho himself, who came to say that the monk had been searched for, but was no where to be found.

"Sancho, hast thou ever seen that monk before to-day?" asked Elvira.

"Indeed, I cannot say, my lady, for I did not see his face," replied Sancho.

"True, I forgot; but tell me, hast thou ever revealed to any one the existence of the subterranean passage?"

"Never, not to a living soul," replied Sancho, emphatically, not a little astonished at the inquiry.

"Leave us, Sancho. This is an impenetrable mystery," continued Elvira, becoming more and more perplexed. "Who can this Fred Lopo be?"

"We must needs believe that he is what his habit bespeaks him—a monk of Alcobaya; for he would be the last to name his monastery to a friend upon you this morning, seemed to be well acquainted with him, and they both went away together. However this may be, it is none the less true that you owe your present safety to this strange, but good and pious monk. He it was who advised me of your peril."

"And how did he gain a knowledge of it?" asked Elvira.

"He did not inform me. Here is, in a few words, what led to my coming to your rescue: a stranger to me, whom Fred Lopo came to my house, and, by the extreme anxiety of his looks, I immediately suspected something was wrong. He fully reported to have found you in danger, so I had told him plainly to say that you would probably not return to the guitar to till next day. But when he learnt that you were here, his alarm increased. He told me that an attempt was to be made by force to carry you off to-night, and wanted to know if I thought my men would be willing to contribute a ransom, and whether they were people to be depended on for, this being the case, he could place us in such a position as to enable us to thwart the design of Don Garcia without the danger of encountering him against long odds. I not only assured him of the full confidence I reposed in my warriors, and their readiness to do as I might direct; but proposed coming with them on guard over the gate of the mansion. Fred Lopo objected to this, saying that his plan was certain of being attended with success, if I would consent to leave the management entirely to him. Considering that I really agreed to this, and, in accordance with his instructions, left him in charge of the gate. Finding them all willing to act as I desired, I told them to remain under arms, and, if necessary, and to meet me under the wall near the river. Then, creeping within the garden, I crept to the waiting for me, I armed myself, and, as we had before agreed upon, I made my appearance. When we were all assembled down yonder by the river, Fred Lopo made us give a solemn promise never, without his previous sanction, to mention any one word regarding the way by which he proposed to introduce us into the mansion. He then told us that he recommended secrecy regarding his name, and that he was the entrance of the underground passage, with which he appeared perfectly acquainted, before giving no signs of doubt or hesitation as to his proper character. Then, after repeating the passage, and after feeling our way for some time, arrived at door, where we were joined by the main quiet. We had been there about half an hour, when, by the sound of footsteps, and by the loudness of the air and chilled by the dampness of the place, when a general hurried to the door, intending to seal fro in the corridor told us that the mansion contained a secret passage, and proposed to open the door at once, and let us in; but this we would not do, because we had promised to obtain how things were, in order to choose the most favorable moment for action. He then told us that he would go alone to the entrance of the underground passage, with which he appeared perfectly acquainted, before giving no signs of doubt or hesitation as to his proper character. He then repeated

"I am not one of the enlisting sort. Fly! pooh—I know exactly how much that is worth! I wouldn't give a piece of rotten junk for all the play in Lapidore. No, it's your interests I mean to appeal to."

"Speak, I am ready to hear you."

"Most men are," observed the prisoner, with renewed confidence, "when they are in question. Have you reflected, young gentleman, on the position in which your hostility to me may place your uncle?"

"You do not mean to infer that Sir Jasper Mansell is in any way connected with your forgeries! The accusation is too ridiculous. You know it!"

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Harold left the prison with a heavy heart. His proud soul sensitive under the stigma of a disgrace which threatened the name he bore. Young as he was, he knew the world too well to expect to escape its sneers. Blame, too! How would the dishonor of his house affect him?

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"At least," he said, "I shall return to England to await the *denouement*."

Signor Benetti, that same evening, remained to an unusually late hour in his counting-house occupied by affairs. All the clerks, with the exception of Pietro, had been dismissed. The guilty man, conscious of his treachery and intimidated by one who for so many years had proved a generous employer, felt restless, and regarded his office that morning.

The hand marked five minutes to eleven; another hour, Paulo and his companions would be at the gate.

Pietro," said the merchant, suddenly raising his head from his desk, "how long have you been in my service?"

"Thirty years, signor.

"Have you anything to confess to me?"

The sgr returned solemnly.

"I have been a liberal master to you," added Benetti.

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Taken thus—red-handed—the weapon still rocking with blood, it was useless for Paulo to deny his crime. In his eagerness, he had exceeded his instructions—the blow was fatal, and he had paid the penalty of his treachery by his employer with his life.

"Away with him to the bureau of the police," was the general cry.

The native merchants portionary urged —although prisoners had long been the terror of the city, and they trusted the time had arrived to put a stop to them.

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The hint was not thrown away.

Although the vessel was anchored two miles, at least, from the mole, its lugsail fiction she was still within the port of Leghorn. Orders were given to raise anchor, and prepare for sea.

Signor Malvollo approached the sides of the leading brothers, and asked to speak with the captain. As a matter of course, no notice was taken of his request, unless by three or four sailors, who stood leaning over the quagwy laughing.

He looked round to see if he could grasp a rope—but it was too within reach; he called again, shouting out his name and authority.

One of his men suggested "that it might be some in sullens, or brought the port-captain of the boat with him."

"What are these land lubbers a-jabbering about?" exclaimed the boatswain, who perfectly understood what was going on. "I shouldn't at all wonder if they got a donning."

After such a hint, it would have been remarkable if they had not. A dozen buckets were let down into the sea from the opposite side of the vessel, drawn up, passed round, and the contents sent over the boat, which swamped the boat.

"Well, if I didn't say so!" added the jolly tar, with a knowing smile, and at the same time he and his companions that hitch together to the gallows: "brave away, lads, ho-ye-ho."

The owner was still engaged in raising the anchor.

Malvollo, finding his authority ignored, and bitterly blaming his own stupidity in not having deemed his uniform, as a last resource, vowed vengeance against gun-boring, tying at a short distance, and proceeded on board. His name, and the influence he was known to exercise, really induced one of the officers to return with him; but, by the time they reached the yards, the anchor was already raised, and the vessel slowly leaving from the harbor.

The second lieutenant raised his cap and bowed most politely to Signor Benetti, who was in the boat, who stood up, and requested to speak with the English commander.

"No intends," shouted the English officer, "No pay permission to speak to any one whatever."

The demand was repeated.

"Sydney!" cried the lieutenant again, using his hand as a speaking trumpet.

Like the others, that had followed some noble ship, or the vultures disappointed of its prey, the chief of the police reluctantly gave the order to quit to port. He saw that he was baffled, and that, with all his own cunning and duplicity, that he had not succeeded in boarding the British vessel. Had he been in uniform, he accompanied, as he ought to have been, by the captain of the port, the commander of the boat would have refused to have received him on board.

Neither he would have consented to give up his guest in quite another thing.

As the rocky island of Gorgona sank beneath the horizon, Harold and Tom descended to the cabin, where the latter lets loose his pent-up feelings calmly with Colonel Mordaunt and the captain. The former, however, remained comparatively mild.

"All danger is past!" exclaimed our here, joyfully. "We are on the open sea now, under the flag of England. There is not a crowned head in Europe but would pause before he vent to offend that power."

"And if he did demand him," observed the commander of the Vectis, "there is not a power in Europe, barring the Lords of the Admiralty, who would dare to give up Harold Mansell to his son's thunder," he added, "into a lucky thing, I'd laugh him soon handed to an account."

"Thank you," said the merchant, shaking the hand of our here. "How can I ever repay you?"

"Repay! You owe me nothing."

"The debtor—I came to," whispered Signor Benetti; "*the debtor has broken his chain.*"

Harold started.

"I am the uncle of Blanco," added the speaker, in answer to which a cry escaped from the lieutenant he had taken in the young Englishman, and his possession of the Sir Hallow's portrait, which, at the earnest request of her lover, he had consented him to bring to his father.

As the voyage promises in every respect to be a prosperous one, we must leave Tom to his society of his devoted Chou, and his friend to hold less satisfactory intercourse with Colonel the meeting with Blanco, to return to those we left in England.

Sir Jasper, having let her first floor to a respectable lodger, a middle-aged woman, of whom he had no knowledge save by her payments, soon, found time, in company with the exile's daughter, to visit the Mansell Institution. He was not without difficulty they avoided the unsavory inquiries of Tellin after her uncle. The object of her having obtained an engagement in the house was soon revealed. She, in fact, came to write?"

Some dreadful rehearsals, I think they call them," replied the lindsay.

"Some have been true, indeed. Silenced but not convinced. As it ultimately turned out, it would have been useless for her to have told him the truth at once, and Rienzo would have done no harm; the sacrifice of the girl's life.

Meanwhile, a singular change was operating on his countenance. The fever had reduced him almost to the last stage of attenuation, had rendered the dormant energies of nature, given a tension to each muscle and sinew; the deposits, which in the human frame go to form the fat, were entirely consumed. Day by day, hour by hour, he wasted away.

"Now I am hooked," replied the stranger, "I will be candid with you. I am the uncle of Blanco, and I have come to England to seek him. Now, sir, you know my business."

"Then you are not a spy?" exclaimed the lieutenant, with a sigh of relief.

"Not I, indeed," replied the stranger, "I am a merchant, and have no connection with the police."

"Then you are welcome," said the lieutenant, "and I will tell you my business."

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The native merchants portionary urged —although prisoners had long been the terror of the city, and they trusted the time had arrived to put a stop to them.

"Pietro," said the merchant, suddenly raising his head from his desk, "how long have you been in my service?"

"Thirty years, signor.

"Have you anything to confess to me?"

The sgr returned solemnly.

"I have been a liberal master to you," added Benetti.

"True, signor."

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"When you were ill," resumed the speaker, "dying, as they said, of the fever, "I sent you to my country house—would you myself."

"I have never asked myself the question," observed Harold, coldly.

"Ask it now, then, and I will answer it. Thirty years have passed since we first transacted our business together. You have got me into the smear of contempt when you quit it—tied me to the dock with your evidence—and that where you present yourself men point the finger at you as the neighbor of a convict."

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The countenance of Harold became fearfully pale.

"I can prove him both!"

"I do not believe it!" exclaimed our here, passionately. "I will not believe it! My cousin, I well know, is a gentleman, of honorable sentiments—entertaining, fond of wealth, but little surrounding, perhaps, to the means of gaining it; but that he should ever have stained his hands in blood—no, no—impossible!"

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At the name of the unfortunate man, the visitor sank upon the only seat in the cell, overcome with horror. It was the only one our here could have shaken him.

"Ah!" continued Riddle, triumphantly, "you have heard of it! Hugg me if I suspected it! With your fine words and pompous declamation and such humbug, you deceived even me. Well, Mr. Mansell, are we to come to an understanding—eh, sir?"

"No," answered the young man, very faintly; "if my wretched uncle has sinned, he must bear the penalty of his crime."

"And you the diagnose," replied the prisoner, savagely, "in common with all who have the name of Mansell. It is written," he added, with a sneer, "on the gravestone of your father in Lowestoffe churchyard. What a pity you were in such a hurry to erect one!"

"Wretch!" exclaimed the young man, greatly agitated, "dare not to pollute the name of my dear father with your accursed breath!"

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Independent of his own horror of such a diagnose, the memory of his father was something sacred to Harold—a thing regarded with veneration and love—an inheritance he felt proud of. No wonder that the prospect of seeing it branded with infamy—for the world is ready just in its distinctions—shook him terribly. At one moment he was ready to concede all the ruffian could ask, join him in any means to baffle the ends of justice, so the price of his silence. But instantly, the recollection of the lessons his parent had taught him in his childhood came back to his aid, and prevented him from so fatal an error.

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On his return to the house of Signor Benetti, he encountered the merchant in the hall, and from a glance that something serious had occurred, for, as his great accepted his proffered hand, he blushed deeply.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

FOR THE WARS.

BY ALICE CARY.

I cannot see th' sun in th' sky,
Nor see th' flowers in th' grass—and I,
Only I hear the fluttering—
Only the fog with the drops on it stirs,
To some one's sighs in the wars,
In my true darling.

If I had not told my love till th' day
I saw his regiment march away—
With thought to a tyrant's scoring.
I must have broken the make of th' sun
And given my heart to the keeping then
Of my true darling.

If he lives, he will come and marry me!
If he falls in the battle-field, 'twill be
Death to traitors harboring.
And I'll wear no color of mourning too,
But shroud me in red and the white with it,
For my true darling.

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

In a recent conversation with a gentleman who had spent several of his earlier years on board a steamer, he related the following strange and thrilling adventure:

"On one occasion a small party of us went ashore on an island in the South Pacific, for the triple purpose of searching for water, hunting for game, and general exploration. Our party gradually became separated, and in the course of two or three hours I found myself entirely alone, in eager pursuit of an animal, something between a goat and a deer in appearance, which had just vanished from my view over the summit of a rocky acclivity. The scenery around me was wild and romantic—rocks, trees, gullies, caves and chasms on the right and left, a steep, high ledge before me, and a dense jungle behind, through which I had just made my way. The strange animal I had seen had disappeared from the summit of the ledge in front, and I was hastening to follow it, by taking a course to the right, where the hill seemed to present fewer obstacles to my ascent. But I had by no means an easy task, and was often turned aside by bush and there a chasm, gulley, or precipitous rock, so that at least a half hour was consumed in making an ascent which in a direct line was only a few hundred feet.

"I reached the summit of the ledge at last, however, and found there was still another lofty ridge, equally wild and as little accessible as the first; and I was debating in my mind whether to go on or turn back, when I perceived the animal I was in quest of quietly walk out from a clump of bushes on the top of the second elevation, and stare down at me with a appearance of confidence in its own security, and that was quickly with errors.

"'So,' muttered I, upstripping the animal, 'you think you are safe now, do you? Well, we shall see!'

"With this I set forward again, clambering over rocks, leaping narrow fissures, and more than pulling myself up some steep earth-access by means of bushes growing here and there. I had much trouble in keeping my rifle safe from damage, and once I nearly lost my hat. I had come to a fissure or chasm about five feet wide, running far away to the right and left, and open ing down a dark pit into the very bowels of the earth. It would be perfectly safe to leap across it, I thought, and more especially as there were some bushes growing close by the opening on the other side, which I could catch hold of if necessary the moment of my feet striking the edge. Perhaps this appearance recently against losing my balance made me less cautious than otherwise should have been. At all events, I rightly stumbled as I leaped, instinctively threw up my gun forward to save myself, struck on the very edge of the chasm, which gave way under me, caught the bushes with both my hands, and found myself dangling over the awful abyss, upheld from certain destruction only by a frail support. The minute which I occupied in drawing myself up and getting a safe footing on the edge was an age of horror, and then I sunk down, sick and trembling and exhausted, and fervently thanked God for my preservation.

"It was at least a quarter of an hour before I thought myself able to stand, and when I did get up, my knees trembled so that I was obliged to take hold of the bushes for support. I picked up my rifle, and found to my great relief that it not been injured by the fall; and after waiting a few minutes longer to compose my nerves, I again set forward, though with much less confidence in my work, human strength.

"On finally reaching the height at which I aimed, I found it to be the most elevated point of the island. The scene was beautiful. It was nine tile middle of a warm, pleasant day, and a delicious sensation was in what repose. On two sides of me, at the distance of a couple of miles—the breadth of the island—was the ocean, blue, and my position near the centre—I could see the mighty water of the Pacific, slightly rolling under a gentle breeze near the shore and blending in the distance with a sky. Our vessel lay at the southern point, distant some four or five miles by sea, though by the intervening hill; but I could perceive its exact locality, and, by some peculiarity in the appearance, it appeared as if, with a little exertion, I might cast a stone to the very deck, though I knew this to be an optical illusion, and that, by the rough, perilous route I had come, it was quite like me some hours to go back to it. South-ward were rocks, chasms, precipices, woods and jungles, with little ella trickling and bubbling here and there like threads of silver; while away toward the hill sloped down into a soft, quiet, beautiful valley, where occasional bright-hued flowers and blossoms made a pleasing contrast with the dark trunks and branches of gigantic trees, the long, heavy, waving leaf stems of tufted lacing vines, and the differently shaded green of the surrounding, overshadowing, and sometimes fluttering leaves. A few birds were flitting from point to point and fluttering their brilliant panoply of joy, and these were all the signs of life that I could see. My strange animal had completely disappeared, and it was quite probable I had behold the last of him, though I doubted not there was game in the valley, which I now resolved to explore, if only to look a little around before returning to the boat.

"Accordingly, after a rest of a few minutes, I went slowly down the slope of the hill, keeping my eyes warily about me, but seeing nothing remarkable till about two-thirds of the descent had been made, when, directly at the lower base of a huge, overhanging rock I espied a large spring of clear water. Now the spring itself was not remarkable, though it might have looked for it it just such a place; but it had evidently been dropressed and rounded out by human hands, and was so nicely and artistically walled in by shells of different colors, as to produce a most pleasing and beautiful effect. Besides this, the drain had been rounded and shelled in like manner for a distance of twenty feet down the hill, where the tiny stream had an abrupt fall of a few feet into a natural channel, and was thence allowed to pursue its way undirected.

"Now who, in this wild place, had taken the trouble to collect these shells, and perform a work which, setting aside the skill required, must have cost the labor of days? Was the island inhabited? I had seen no other signs of such being the case. Had it been the fanciful work of some idle sailors? It was very strange and curious, to say the least, and for some time I stood gazing at it in wonder, and then feeling very thirsty, I leaned my rifle against the rock, and laid myself down to drink.

"I had nearly quenched my thirst, but was still drinking, looking down in the pool, when suddenly there was reflected in the water an apparition that made my hair stand and my blood run cold with terror. With a startled cry I sprung to my feet, and found myself confronted with something that I could not, but whether man or beast I could not at first determine.

"The object was about five feet six inches in height, and, indeed, was covered all over—face, limbs and body—with a coarse, matted growth of hair, resembling in length from an inch to a couple of feet, the body being of a small black, curling hair, and the face of a dusky, grizzly hue, and the hair of the head grow down in long, matted tresses, and partially shaded a small black, twinkling eyes, which now and then fixed upon me

with an expression of blooded wonder and fe-rocity. The body, with its long, shaggy arms, resembled the paws of a bear, it held a formidable club, like a huge war-weapon, and so, if I understand whether or not to crash in my head at a single blow.

"Terrified almost out of my senses, I still had sufficient presence of mind to recall what I had heard about the ferocity of the monkey tribe, and that it was generally safe to look them steadily in the eye. Accordingly I grasped my rifle, and holding it in such a manner as to use it as a club, if necessary, I fixed my eyes upon the monster, and stood perfectly still, determined to see what he would do. He stood motionless for a few moments, as if surprised at my boldness, and then, with a wild, horrid laugh, he sprung forward with his club uplifted, and the next instant I was struggling in the grasp of the monster, who, with a wild, horrid laugh, had seized me with a vise-like grip, and was dragging me away with his disengaged hand.

"Finding that my struggles were useless, I ceased them, and submitted to my fate, which I supposed was to be devoured by the monster, who, with a wild, horrid laugh, dragged me on, and the next instant I was in the mouth of a dark cavern, which I had not before observed, and which was concealed by the bushes that grew around it. Into this cavern I was dragged by the monster, who, with a wild, horrid laugh, threw me down upon a bed of dry leaves, and then, with a wild, horrid laugh, he sprung out of the cavern, and I heard him roll a huge stone to the entrance, which effectually closed it up.

"I was now a prisoner, and I groaned in spirit as I thought of my fate. I had no doubt that I should be devoured by the monster, who, with a wild, horrid laugh, would return to his cavern, and I shuddered as I thought of the manner in which he would devour me. I was not long in suspense, however, for in a few minutes I heard the stone rolled away, and the monster, with a wild, horrid laugh, sprung into the cavern, and threw down before me a large, heavy bundle, which proved to be a quantity of fruit, and then, with a wild, horrid laugh, he sprung out of the cavern, and I heard the stone rolled to its place.

"I had been nearly famished with hunger, and I now ate heartily of the fruit, which was delicious, and then I lay down to sleep, and slept soundly for several hours. When I awoke I found that the monster had been in the cavern during my sleep, and had left me another supply of fruit, and then, with a wild, horrid laugh, he had sprung out, and rolled the stone to its place.

"I now began to think that the monster, with a wild, horrid laugh, intended to keep me a prisoner for life, and that he would feed me with fruit, and then, with a wild, horrid laugh, he would devour me. I was not long in coming to this conclusion, and I groaned in spirit more than before. I had no doubt that I should be devoured by the monster, who, with a wild, horrid laugh, would return to his cavern, and I shuddered as I thought of the manner in which he would devour me. I was not long in suspense, however, for in a few minutes I heard the stone rolled away, and the monster, with a wild, horrid laugh, sprung into the cavern, and threw down before me a large, heavy bundle, which proved to be a quantity of fruit, and then, with a wild, horrid laugh, he sprung out of the cavern, and I heard the stone rolled to its place.

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